TRAVELS IN EUROPE

MRS. THOMAS YARRELL SR.

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BY

MRS. THOMAS YARRELL, Sr

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE

I

SETTING OUT

Given good weather, clear skies, a panorama of beautiful scenery, a comfortable Pullman, and genial companionship, and you have everything that is necessary for a lovely journey. Under such favorable conditions we began our summer trip. Our destination is to be somewhere among the Alpines of Switzerland, or perhaps the Austrian Tyrol.

We are resolved to enjoy to the utmost each day with its varied scenes, its sunshine or its rain, and expect to be the recipients of indelible impressions; these I shall jot down, and if a reading public cares to go with me on this pleasure jaunt, I shall be delighted to have their company. I only hope to be intellectually stimulating and helpful in so far as I can direct their thoughts for a while into familiar channels. I am convinced that busy people do not care to be bored with statistics, nor to be drowned by a Niagara of overwhelming gush. Neither do I in these letters, aim at any literary

surprises, but, in attempting to pass away the time, I should be glad to serve the same purpose for others.

The motives to travel are many, though the impulse is universal. One may travel for health, fashion, sight-seeing, or pleasure. The singular fact about it is that so few really know why they travel. But whether it be a little visit to our relatives in the country, or the grand tour of Europe, it is well to put away the little cares and worries of every-day life.

The *Carpathia,* a Cunard boat, will sail from New York on the morning of May 16, 1907, and is due at Naples, May 30. Thus far our route is pre-arranged, and from then on the covering of ground is a consideration of no importance. I imagine there is no sensation more pleasing than that of finding one's self in a foreign land, and under no particular obligation to go either north, south, east, or west.

To travel through the country in the month of May is to witness a continuous exhibition of nature's beauties before they are withered by a scorching summer's sun. As the train glides along there is an ever-changing and never-ending panorama of beautiful scenes to charm the eye. Here a farm with its promising corn; there another with its waving grain; here an orchard laden with summer foliage; a little farther on one gorgeous in its blossoms of beauty; here a group of forest trees, filled with

warbling songsters; there flows a meandering stream, whose winding course is marked by the trees that are watered by it. Through an opening where the slanting rays of an evening's sunset dazzle the eye is seen the country home. Some of these have every indication of prosperity, while others show that easy, thriftless life so often seen in other countries.

Because of the "Rock-a-bye" and other noisy lullabies that one enjoys so much on a first night in a sleeper, we expect but little sleep. Though, however little, we realize that we have slept at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour. The distance one can pass over, even in one short night, is surprising.

The morning finds us still looking upon fields of growing corn and other crops, and as we see the farmer riding on his cultivator we realize what progress has been made in agricultural methods. It is easy to locate the farmer who would object to new methods in agriculture, for he would soon find himself in the rear of the procession, and in the rear of the market. Since the days of Brindley, Watt, and Arkwright how many inventive geniuses have arisen to devise machinery to meet the requirements of modern agricultural aspirations,—industrial art!

Leaving St. Louis we were pleasantly entertained by beautiful scenery, and while the entire route was a continuous stretch of pano-

ramic views, yet, after leaving Cincinnati, our enthusiasm arose on account of historic associations. Over mountains and through valleys we pursued our way,—with gorgeous scenery on both sides, the most beautiful being like the Piedmont valley of Italy. All that was needed was a little sunshine to make it compare favorably with the views in Switzerland.

By the time we reached Richmond, Virginia, our minds were well filled with historic reminiscences. We leave historic Richmond, whose 300th anniversary we are celebrating, and continue our journey over the battle-fields of the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars. We are now come to the beginning of things,—Williamsburg, the Capes, Hampton Roads, Fortress Monroe (now Point Comfort), where the English got their first permanent footing in the new world.

Here came the first suggestion of a new nation; here the battle which closed its struggle for freedom; here the first battle of a later war which shook the nation to its foundations, and here the first conflict of ironclads which transformed the navies of the world. Here the white man wielded the ax to cut the trees for the first log cabin in the first village, and this village was destined to be the first state capital. At Jamestown convened the first legislature in this country, and the United States

may be said to date its being from the foundation of the general assembly which convened there in 1619.

So universal is the impulse to do honor to heroism and to perpetuate the memory of heroic deeds that it may be said to be spontaneous in the minds and hearts of men. At any rate it is born of patriotism, and is in harmony with that intense spirit of Americanism which is the leading characteristic of our country. We are glad that we have the privilege of seeing this grand monument to our nation's birth,—the Jamestown Exposition.

II

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The interest that centers in the Jamestown Exposition is very great in this country because of its historic location and surroundings. The American people are so truly patriotic that to celebrate the founding of the first English colony in America, and in that the beginning of American civilization, makes the heart of this nation swell with pride. Here a nation was born, and a germ of life was planted in Virginia soil which has since budded and blossomed into a civilization that equals any in the world.

All school children are taught that the first colony was settled here in 1607. To let our minds go back 300 years the most prominent figure that looms up before us is Captain John Smith, who had the most common of names, but who was the most uncommon of all the John Smiths. Go back with me to the eastern part of England to the estate of Lord Willoughby, and there we find a family of poor tenants, who had a son born in 1579, and they named him John. Mr. Smith, like most modern fathers, soon wanted his boy to go to work, and John, like

some modern sons, tried running away from work. Like most runaway boys he had a rough and tumble life. But we see his patriotism assert itself, and he enlists as a soldier, fancying, no doubt, that a soldier's life is all pleasant adventure. We learn that John Smith was shipwrecked and robbed, and, if we may believe his own story, he was thrown into the sea by a company of pilgrims, who accredited him with causing the storms, like Jonah in the Bible. However, this must have happened near the shore, for he reached land without the aid of a whale.

We then see him fighting the Turks, who captured him and made him a slave; and while working for his cruel master we imagine he felt like the prodigal son and sighed for home. There is a limit to a slave's endurance, and John Smith slew his master and escaped. When he got back to England he found the English people enthused with the idea of settling a colony in North America. This wandering, daring Smith was delighted to join the company, which set sail in 1606. We imagine they were a lot of adventurers, expecting to pick up gold, certainly with no idea of what was before them, nor of the great wave of progress to be set in motion by them.

They settled at Jamestown, and our history began. The school boys love to read of Captain Smith's experiences with the Indians,

while the sentimental lads and lassies associate him with Pocahontas. We all admire his ingenuity in managing the Indians. His fitting up of Powhatan's wigwam with "bedstead and wash basin" served its purpose, but failed to satisfy, just as our luxuriously furnished apartments fall short of our cravings. Human nature is the same the world over, and we are all temporarily lured on with the same "blue glass beads."

Jamestown suggests another historic name, that of Pocahontas, whose daring heroism saved the life of Captain Smith, and whose goodness of heart fed the starving settlers. In 1609 ships from London brought another company to Jamestown, which was determined to depose Captain Smith, who had become governor of the colony. What a pity that more of those who make our history do not take the view that Admiral Schley vitalized into a phrase at Santiago: "There's glory enough for us all." Then there would be less friction in life's complicated machinery,—from the national administration down to the bickerings of rival clubs in two-by-four towns. However, "charges" were brought against Smith, and he was sent away, to the detriment of Jamestown, for Powhatan ceased to be friendly, and Pocahontas came no more to see the English. All may be "fair in love and war," but I never could excuse the deception practiced in making

Pocahontas a prisoner and in telling her that Smith was dead. It was natural that some Englishman should fall in love with her: and is it not strange how many descendants John Rolfe and Pocahontas have? This marriage brought peace with the Indians, and I love to picture Pocahontas making the change from the smoky bark hut to high life in England; and I think it a matter of regret that she never came back to Virginia.

The ruins of the old church in which Pocahontas was baptized are still seen in Jamestown, but the baptismal font is shown in the Bruton parish church in Williamsburg. This church has also the silver service presented by Queen Anne, and another that was given by King George III. Williamsburg is about seven miles distant, and because of its historical setting is quite interesting. So also is the epoch-making Yorktown, for it was there that Cornwallis surrendered his entire force. A monument has recently been erected to commemorate that event. Yorktown boasts of picturesque streets and visitors enjoy it. One is shown the colonial mansion of the Nelsons, where the articles of surrender were drawn up by Washington and Cornwallis. Yorktown also boasts of the first customs house in this country.

The Jamestown Exposition has three miles of water front, which necessarily makes the naval display a prominent feature. The

general plan of the grounds is, to a certain extent, similar to the other expositions we have had. A central court surrounded by imposing buildings,—or rather, three sides by buildings, for the fourth rests on the water front. This body of water is called Smith's harbor, in honor of Captain Smith.

There are about twenty-five exposition buildings, many of them handsome palaces, after the colonial style of architecture. It is gratifying to see so many states represented, and some of these buildings are among the most attractive features of the fair. The Virginia building is a reproduction of the home of the Madisons. The Georgia building is of special interest because it is a copy of Bullock Hall, the birthplace and home of President Roosevelt's mother. Pennsylvania has a copy of Independence Hall; Maryland is found in Carroll Hall, a representation of the home of Governor Carroll,—a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Connecticut is housed in a copy of the colonial mansion of Talmadge. The Massachusetts building is a replica of the old state house in Boston. The Daughters of the Confederacy are domiciled in Beauvoir, the Mississippi home of Jefferson Davis.

The military drill plane, containing thirty acres, is surrounded by beautiful trees, and the drills are conspicuous features. The sight of marching troops is always thrilling, but the

most novel and attractive feature of the entire exposition is the international naval spectacle. At the invitation of our president, the great nations of the world have sent their warships. It is a great sight to see the battleships of about fifteen nations anchored in Hampton Roads, which means as many different flags unfurled to the breezes. Never before has there been such a gathering of fighting vessels, and each one will return to its own waters with new ideas.

A special feature on the naval program is a reproduction of the famous battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, which was fought in 1862. In the "War Path," which takes the place of the far-famed "Midway" at the Chicago fair and the "Pike" of the St. Louis exposition, is found the same collection of villages,—Indian, Japanese, Eskimo, and so on. And there are the same attractions to amuse one,—the attractions that take all your small change. Near-by is Old Point Comfort where is seen the greatest fortress in the United States. At Newport News is one of the largest shipbuilding plants and dry docks in the world.

Among the towering monuments to great men among the loftiest should be one of Lafayette. The part taken by him in the struggle of the thirteen American colonies to become a free republic was of a nature that demands exceptional interest and recognition in America.

His chilvaric devotion to the cause of liberty when it seemed most gloomy and hopeless will cause a throb of gratitude in the hearts of Americans. The struggle of the American colonies had attracted little attention in Europe until the Declaration of Independence. At an officers' dinner the dispatches were received that made Lafayette resolve to offer himself to our cause, and his whole career in America was noble, honorable, and generous. In the beginning of this campaign his soldiers were so scantily clothed that Lafayette borrowed $10,000 from the merchants of Baltimore to buy cloth for them, and he induced the ladies of that city to make the garments required.

We care only to perpetuate the good, and Jamestown has no monument erected claiming the authorship of American "strikes." You remember after Berkeley Lord Culpeper oppressed the people with fresh taxes, and the first "strike" occurred in Yorktown when the assembly tried to stop the over-production of tobacco by cutting the young plants. It took them some time to learn that the best way to stop over-production of tobacco was to encourage other industries.

The Jamestown exposition is truly an historical study of the last three hundred years. One learns many things at an exposition, no matter where it may be located, and the knowl-

edge that may be gained at any of them will go far toward regulating trade conditions and stimulating advancement in art and manufacture. Virginia, that great state that has given the nation seven presidents, may well be proud of its eventful history and its mighty progress.

This historic ground that echoes to the tread of thousands of hurrying feet on pleasure bent may resume its humdrum existence, yet the effects of the exposition will not be transient. A greater knowledge of art, of science, of invention, of various industries, of agriculture, of horticulture, of education, of transportation, and of a hundred other things will abide and bear fruit in a better civilization. For the visitors will carry home impressions of the things that they saw, heard, and felt; and the effects of these impressions or ideas will be seen in better homes, more conveniences, better pictures, greater inventions, improved machinery, and in a thousand other ways.

III

GOLDEN HOURS AT SEA

The summer season comes arrayed in her greenest robes, with her hair decorated with full blown roses, and her eyes bright with sunshine. The earth is carpeted with green velvet tapestry, and Nature, in matured beauty, is at her best.

In the "good old summer time," when the mercury is climbing up the tube toward the century mark, all nature makes an appeal that is hard to resist. We hear the low, sweet music of the whispering pines as they nod in the cool breeze sweeping over the lake or from the mountain tops; the call of the murmuring brook, like Tennyson's, goes on forever, while the balmy air, over the ocean's briny deep, is still more alluring in its perpetual call. Summer offers various opportunities in compensation for the intensity of its heat. She bids one seek the coolness of the mountains or the seaside, and we think it is expedient to use summer in such a way as to restore our energies, and be better fitted for the work of the strenuous seasons.

Variety is not only the spice of life but the salt of life as well. It is the treadmill round of

duties that wears out both body and mind, for monotony is the foe to health and happiness. A sense of relief will come when one can turn away from the grind of daily toil into some by-path. Of course there is a difference in opinion as to what is most worth while, but one must have a change.

Resistance was useless, and the call for an ocean voyage finds us on the great steamer *Carpathia.* We are leaving New York for Europe, to summer among the Alpines of Switzerland. When the last gangway was drawn ashore slowly and majestically the great liner swung out and turned toward the ocean. The Battery was passed, we took our final look at the statue of Liberty, while the domes and steeples and sky-scrapers of New York disappeared behind us.

We are steaming away at increasing speed. The day is ideal,—a clear sky, clouds of chased silver floating in sapphire depths, a breeze that tips every wave with white and opalescent gleams, and the waters beaming all over with rippling smiles and dimples.

Everything promises well for a lovely journey, but cutting loose from the world and going out into a trackless, treacherous sea is very impressive. The stoutest heart, having any just sense of the responsibilities and dangers, must feel the need of that great Pilot who knows all the perils of the voyage, and whose

word once quieted the stormy sea and hushed the noise of its tumultuous waves.

Transient as these journeys are, they are thrice enjoyed,—once in anticipation, once in actual experience, and ever more in memory. But the enjoyment of any place, no matter how Edenic it may be, depends largely upon personal associations. Our ship is a little world of its own,—an inhabited floating island. How utterly alone one can feel in this vast crowd of voyagers. To some extent each person is wrapped up in an impenetrable barrier, and so must live out his life.

How seldom does one really commune with a living soul! The mountains seem to understand the sky; the clouds love and adore the sunset; yet souls, gifted with latent powers they dream not of, live near one another, and live out their allotted time without comprehending the deeper thoughts of their dearest friends. Yet how little life would mean if it were deprived of the joy and inspiration, the ennobling influence, and the deep satisfaction of its friendships! There are no conditions more favorable to the forming of friendships than are those afforded by the life on board ship. Restricted surroundings and community of interest have a tendency to break down the barriers of ordinary reserve.

The days are glorious, with little wind and a smooth sea. The salt air acts as a tonic, cours-

ing like an elixir through the blood. Passengers are amusing themselves with games, pacing the deck, talking, reading, writing, or sleeping. But one can get nearer the heart of things lying on his steamer chair watching the white cloud-ships sail by under the blue canopy of heaven than by reading all the philosophies and political economies extant. As we gaze into the sky we see that older revelation of which the psalmist spoke when he said:

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork."

These voiceless messengers from their midnight throne proclaim the same great messages which they disclosed to David when he watched his flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. In solemn stillness the stars move on in their appointed orbits,

"Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

It was the gifted Byron who, loving nature, wrote:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Besides that sort of "society" and "music" we have also enjoyed the privilege of a fine library on ship. In literature there are those

authors whom we admire because they teach us and inspire us; there are those whom we pity because they seem to fight with such difficulty the struggle of life; and there are those whom we love. An author of the last group brings relaxation and relief from our surroundings,—so complex in their manifold relations.

So often one pines for companions who can show us brightness and help us to see something more than the "daily intercourse of life." Stevenson said, "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note." Then the next best thing would be a happy writer. What an exceeding privilege it is that one can transport himself into the past, or people his brain with the great thoughts of the great thinkers who have blessed the world; or by the royal gift of imagination put himself for the time in an ideal realm, where the highest dreams of the soul are fulfilled.

As usual one soon discovers that Baedeker's Italy maintains the distinction of popularity, for one must familiarize himself with his own itinerary. What a joyful thrill is felt over the first glimpse of land,—the Azores Islands. Next we see the coast of Portugal with its mountains and its little white towns nestled among their cliffs. These towns with their tragic history grow dimmer in the distance until we again realize there is nothing but "water, water everywhere."

The bright sunny days have continued through the week. Many times we have seen the sun rise from his magnificent couch in the crimson chambers of the East, then through the gorgeous coloring of an evening sky we have seen him pass through the golden gateway of the West. We have had some rare and wonderful combinations of color effects, in which sun, sky, sea, and atmosphere have played their respective parts. Some days great pillars of clouds stand on the far western horizon, like the pillars of Hercules marking the supposed limits of the world, when the sun will pass in royal glory into the vast beyond, leaving behind a crimson and golden pathway across the waters of the deep. Other days the sun emerges from the clouds just before the setting and sends out his rays of gold over the deep blue waters, turning the clouds above into golden and saffron curtains by his parting beams.

To-day we have witnessed some cloud scenes as in infinite variety of form they move across the blue sky. First the white floating clouds sailed high in the heavens like great ships sailing across the sea of immensity; then came the clouds of vapor gathering about the setting sun and borrowing glory from his radiance. These form themselves into mountain ranges along the horizon, assuming fantastic shapes, which the imagination can turn into all sorts of objects.

And now a brisk breeze turns the sea into an army of whitecaps, wearing a variegated uniform of purple and blue, woven by the sun out of the floating cloud-shadows.

Next will come a glorious day, cloudless skies, and a deluge of welcome sunshine, while the blue skies seem to breathe their benediction upon the world. How rapidly do these golden days flit by. We spend the greater part of them on deck, for

> As the shadows melt in the crucible of dawn,
> Or the twilight falls o'er the water made fair
> By the last lingering rays of the setting sun—
> We love to linger in the open air.

Another glorious morning finds us up with the lark "to meet the sun," but this morning promises more attractions than the rising sun, for

> "In the dimmest northeast distance
> Dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray."

This is one of the greatest fortifications in the world, situated at the junction of some of the most important ocean highways. As we steam slowly toward this great wonderful fortress we think of that last great siege of Gibraltar,—that great bombardment of 1782,—and of the gigantic efforts of the British. One can fancy the bosom of this bay covered with great solemn-looking battleships,—then picture the coasts of Spain and Africa and the surface

of the Mediterranean aglow with the lurid light of those burning war vessels. Then we look at that wonderful rock,—with every available point bristling with artillery,—and we do not wonder that Hannibal and his fellow Carthaginians were awake to its importance. We anchored in this historic bay and remained for several hours.

The town of Gibraltar has three parallel streets, and the houses are a mixture of English architecture and Spanish houses. The combination tends to spoil the whole. We see ships from every quarter, and people that are a mixture of every race and clime.

Now we are steaming away from this wonderful rock,—so like a lion couchant,—and we are all watching the coasts of Spain and Africa recede from us and fade in the hazy distance, and now we are sailing over the bluest of blue waters,—the Mediterranean,—and

> The skies overhead, with fair cerulean hue,
> Reflect from the waters the same tint of blue.

Who can tell what a night may bring forth? A change has come over the spirit of our dreams, and a decided change in the elements. James Whitcomb Riley says:

> "It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
> That's amak'in' the sunshine everywhere."

But where are the songs and the smiles this morning? If there is one time in life that you

need Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy more than another it is out on the ocean, not smoothly sailing, but being tossed about by the whimsical fancies of a furious gale.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

A few things have gone wrong to-day, or at least not the way we meant they should. When we ventured on deck this morning there were dark lowering clouds, high west wind, a wild rolling sea, and an ominous darkness. The jolly promenaders were no longer seen; the happy laugh had been exchanged for the melancholy dirge of the billowy waves.

We remember Riley's words that "not every morning can be sad," and we try to "just be glad," but it is a feeble effort, so we begin to philosophize in order to pass away the time. To-morrow's sun may be shining, and while the waves are rolling high we know that down beneath the tumult of waves there is a deep undisturbed calm, which so fitly represents the depths of the human heart. It is a beautiful figure that compares life to a voyage on the ocean, and its trials and temptations to the storms and billows which the voyager encounters in crossing the sea, for we are truly passengers from time to eternity, and we al-

ways need the Pilot who stilled the waves of Galilee.

One who has been in a storm at sea can readily recall how quickly a storm can gather, and with what rapidity a cloud can spread over the heavens, cancelling the sun and turning the sea from blue to somber steel. This is one time that man is made to feel his littleness, his inferiority, and his utter dependence. One feels like the tiniest speck in existence. It is very interesting to watch the movement of the clouds when they are driven here and there by the furious gale, but when they come in collision with the immensity of the great deep ocean the majesty of the scene is greatly enhanced. What a spectacle! We watch the whitecaps chase one another while the great deep is being churned into a fury.

But picture the delight occasioned when this storm was followed by a rosy sunset and a starry night. This stormy day closed with a glimpse of the great red sun playing hide and seek behind some bars of horizontal clouds,—as if he were coquettishly laughing at our fears. And with that peaceful calm "good night" he drops beneath the horizon. Now the glad, happy passengers seek their accustomed places on deck, and mirth and good humor predominate again.

The moaning of the sea brings sadness, because it seems to be a requiem over the millions

it has devoured since man began his efforts to master it. Yet we love the resounding notes of "the deep heaving sea" and the roar of its wild waves. Then again we love its quiet beauty, and its peace.

The soft winds may sigh through cedar and pine;
White clouds float high through the sunshine fine;
Joys are all so brief, begrudge us not, please,
These tender caresses of sun and breeze.
The soothing and healing of Nature's balm
Come to all, like that soft subdued calm
After the storm, when the gladdening ray
Of a glorious sunset closes the day.

"Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world."—SHELLEY.

Oh, the charm of a summer night with its soft stillness! The wind has gone down with the setting sun, and the quieter voices of Nature assert themselves. The stars, too, seem to shine out of the far-away heavens like angel eyes watching over a sleeping world. To-night their radiance is somewhat dimmed by the half-full moon, whose silvery beams are sparkling and dancing over the glassy surface of the blue Mediterranean.

Who can gaze up into the stellar depths of God's infinitude of worlds, or down into the mysterious, treacherous sea, and not feel re-

buked for all his vanity and conceit? The ceaseless murmur of the fathomless ocean might be the voice of God calling man to adoration. Its grandeur and majesty could serve as a rebuke to human pride; its magnificence, a challenge to all that is noble in man, while its wonderful bountifulness might be made to condemn his stinginess. There is a blending of the beautiful and the sublime in ocean or sea that is especially charming. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" said of the music that filled the sea and the air around him:

> "And now 'twas like all instruments,
> Now like a lonely flute;
> And now it is an angel's song,
> That makes the heavens be mute."

One can not help being touched by the loneliness of the sea, nor by its music, for there is music in its breaking billows when it is driven into fury by the storm king, and there is the lullaby of gentler tones when it is in quieter mood. And such grandeur! It is grand in the daytime when the sunlight flashes over its smooth surface; in the evening when the sun paints a pathway of gold across its bosom, or at night when it is bathed in the soft light of the moon, or when over it there is a canopy of starlit heavens.

How we love to watch the setting sun, especially as he sinks to rest over the even plane

of a wide expanse of water. Somehow it suggests the closing of a human life. While we admire the beautiful sunset with its brilliant colorings it would be inexpressibly sad if we believed we were taking a last look at it. But we think of the sun going down in connection with his rising again on the morrow. How beautiful to carry out the thought in regard to the human life, seeing in it only the close of life's little day to usher in a brighter and eternal to-morrow.

From time immemorial poets and moralists have likened human life to a stream down which we mortals are floating to the sea of eternity. And surely there is much to suggest the simile. All rivers run into the sea, all life runs into eternity. Life has its deeps and its shallows, its rapids and its whirlpools. This life-stream may lead us through majestic scenery,—through trees filled with singing birds,—or it may take us through dismal swamps, or monotonous deserts, and we all ask the same question: Whither is it bearing us?

At the present writing we are passing between the coast of Spain and the Balearic Islands, and the turquoise blue of the Mediterranean has changed to melted gold. The sinking sun has turned a million tiny clouds, floating up from the distant horizon, into clusters of rose-pink, lacy, filmy gauze. While the whole west was ablaze with glory, and we were watching the

setting sun's fireworks die down to the ruddy ashes' glow, lo! the great round full moon came up in her queenly dignity, and the sunset glow turned into a white silvery moonlight. The gold faded from the clouds, leaving them pink and violet, and as transparent as gauze, through which the rising moon is sifting silver spangles.

The sunsets, all through this voyage, have maintained their reputation as exhibitions of the Master's art, and the few sunrises that we have seen have been no less glorious in their gorgeous colorings, presenting pictures far above the skill of human artists. Such masterpieces as we have seen on the Mediterranean! Such reds and yellows and blues, as Nature only can paint! These are the pictures that inspired Murillo and Raphael.

Now we are watching the hills of Genoa, beautiful Genoa, with its half-circle harbor, nestled so cosily at the foot of the Apennines. The slopes of the hills behind the city, down to the water's edge, are covered with buildings, terraced gardens, and groves of orange trees, while the summits of the loftier ranges are capped with forts and batteries.

Leaving the beautiful harbor of Genoa, the next place of interest is Elba,—the island inseparably connected with Napoleon's history. And no doubt this man of such strategic genius is discussed by every ship load of passengers as this famous island comes in sight. Elba and

Corsica may brood on the memories of Napoleon, but this trackless sea has certainly washed away his footprints. The great ironclads may plow through her surface; the storm king may pile her waves mountain high, but she calmly smooths her smiling face, and utterly denies her past. So different from poor old mother earth, whose face is furrowed with wrinkles mountain deep!

But as we dream and wonder the sun again sinks beneath the western wave, spreading crimson over the surface of its water, and as we listen to the music of its melodies we count it a privilege to be able to take inspiration from the majesty of its ever changing moods. Men may come and men may go, but this sea, with its cerulean blue, sings on its song forever, while its tragic history extends throughout eternity.

If we ever thought that this world was a small space as it spread before us on the map, that thought will vanish as we contemplate the vastness of the ocean. One cannot help but wonder at its tranquillity, its restlessness, its fury. On a calm, bright day we wonder how such peaceful water can wax into fury until nothing can survive it. We wonder how life is sustained beneath those dark green waves; we wonder at the laws that govern it, then at the mind of man that conceived the possibility of a track across this trackless waste of water.

Then we wonder at the courage of Columbus,—the daring Genoese,—

> Who towers like Olympus above the mole hill—
> A picture forever sublime—
> A monumental figure for all ages,
> Defying the ravages of Time.

And we wonder what his feelings were when

> Our golden planet pierced through the dark gloom,
> As God guided him through wild waves foam, and he exclaimed,
> "See, there trembles the misty outline of a hill,"—
> America's land—our home, sweet home.

The end of an ocean voyage finds the passengers divided into several classes. Some are restlessly pacing up and down the deck, in an attempt to walk off the ennui of the voyage; others sit dreamily smoking; others stand staring, and seem to be calculating when the journey will end, while yet others recline listlessly on their steamer chairs, devouring a book, or idly dreaming. The passengers may show various attitudes of weariness, yet one thing is noticeable among the sailors. They *never* seem tired. They work with zest and fortitude from beginning to end of the journey; through fair and stormy weather, working always the same.

The lesson these hardy sailors teach us is that he who would reach some distant difficult port across life's stormy sea must not turn aside because of wind and wave, to find some quiet harbor, but must push on to the desired haven.

One is reminded of those heroic lines of Joaquin Miller on Columbus:

> "Behind him lay the gray Azores,
> Behind the gates of Hercules;
> Behind him not the ghost of shores,
> Before him only shoreless seas.
> The good mate said, 'Now must we pray,
> For lo! the very stars are gone.
> Brave Adm'rl speak! What shall I say?'
> 'Why, say: Sail on! sail on—an' on.'"

And this seems to be all that is required of the faithful sailor,—to work on and to "sail on."

Interest is now increasing, everybody is up early to watch for the Italian coast and the great Vesuvius. The Island of Ischia,—the largest island near Naples,—is one of the prettiest coast sights. For many miles we see its rugged surface dotted over with houses and imposing castles. It is evidently of volcanic origin.

The Italian coast still rises clear and sharp, the rocky shape of Capri lifts itself from the blue water of the Bay of Naples, and then beyond looms the volcanic pyramid of Vesuvius. As we sail into the beautiful bay of Naples we rejoice in the thought that we are about to enter "Fair Italy" and enjoy the balmy air of Italian skies. Every ripple of this historic voiceless bay thrills with its distinguished memories; the zephyrs, sweeping

over its placid bosom, could whisper illustrious names.

As we leave the blue smiling Mediterranean and go into the Bay of Naples we seem already to feel that delicious softness of the climate, and we are forcibly impressed with the clear atmosphere that makes Naples famed among the cities of the world. The bay is twenty miles wide, and extends inland for about ten miles. What a beautiful picture it makes! The rippling waves break in soft lace-like foam on the rocky shore; farther up are the red tiled houses and white palaces, with their blooming gardens. All lie spread out like some perfect picture painted in the bright blue of Mediterranean sunshine, and the whole dotted over with brilliant russet of Mediterranean roofs.

This being one of the chief centers of commerce and industry of Italy and one of the principal stations of Mediterranean steam navigation, we wonder that they have not better facilities for handling the business; but they evidently lack our American thrift. Large steamers can not dock at Naples, so they anchor outside, and passengers are brought over on tenders. Boat loads of nude boys put out from shore to entertain us by diving for coins. Mandolin quartettes and strong-voiced singers cruise about in small boats, making music with their familiar melodies,—"Bella Napoli" and "Funiculi-Funicula."

In the usual bustle we land, when comes the necessary farce of going through the custom house, which is a veritable Babel. One thing, however, must be said to the Italian's credit,—our baggage was not opened. There seems to be only two articles dutiable in Italy,—tobacco and alcohol. Three other large steamers came in on the day of our arrival, which added to the confusion. The Neapolitans were not able to handle the crowd, and the facilities of the custom house were inadequate. In the language of Byron we would say:

> "Fair Italy!
> Thou art the garden of the world, the home
> Of all art yields, and Nature can decree."

It must be confessed that one landing in Naples is not likely to become enraptured over the people, however enthusiastic he may be over the beautiful bay, lovely Sorrento, or the stately Vesuvius. Speaking of the Italians as a race is very much like speaking of the climate of the United States,—we have our Maine and our Louisiana, our east and our west. One would have to know which climate is referred to. So there is Italy, and Italy, and one would go wide of the mark in lumping all the Italians together. Think how small Italy looks on the map, and then remember there are twenty-eight different dialects,—all Italian.

Naples has its fine palaces and elegant hotels,

and it also has the most imposing arcade filled with shops to be seen in any city in the world. It is the largest and most populous city in Italy, and disputes with Constantinople the claim of occupying the most beautiful site in Europe. It is built on the slopes of a range of hills, and nestles cosily in amphitheater form on the shore of the classic bay. Very few cities can rival Naples in location. In artistic interest Naples cannot compare with some of the towns in central or northern Italy, but the matchless treasures of antiquity found at Herculaneum and Pompeii in a measure compensate.

The streets are well paved with lava, which renders them both noisy and slippery for horses, and gives Naples the name of being a noisy city, for you hear the clatter of wheels and the cracking of whips at all hours of the day and night. This cracking of the whip naturally arouses sympathy for the horses until one learns that it is done either to clear the street ahead or otherwise to attract attention. The old streets are narrow and crooked, and in some places they are connected by steps.

The houses are more noted for their size and the solidity of their construction than they are for beauty or elegance of taste. Flat roofs seem to be very popular, and they are often ornamented with flowers and shrubs. The hotels compare very favorably with ours; one can get anything he can pay for. The churches

are remarkable rather for richness of internal decoration than for architectural beauty.

We had heard that Naples swarmed with beggars, and had learned to say *"niente"* with emphasis, but had no occasion to use the emphatic negative. The best way to see the sights of Naples is to get your hotel clerk to select from the cabs that seem to be fixtures around the hotel one whose driver can explain the objects of interest. Then engage him for certain hours every day, and he will always be waiting for you.

Be sure to drive on some fashionable boulevard just before sunset, and you will see a gay scene, composed of the beauty and fashion of the city. But along with this wealth and beauty you will see the poor and the donkeys laden with merchandise and all kinds of footmen dodging the vehicles. Then, to give a finish to this picture of bustle and activity, are seen the graceful palms, orange trees, with fountains and marble statuary in abundance. No other place seems to combine so much natural beauty with so many objects of interest.

When visiting a city in any country we learn a great deal about the national characteristics of the people by watching their every-day habits and studying the life of its great thoroughfares. It is interesting to note the peculiarities of the people and the change of manners and customs as one goes into each new locality.

When these observations grow monotonous in Italy we have but to turn to nature and study the architecture of the lofty mountains, beautiful valleys, or brilliant sunsets. All around Naples nature has given quite a bit of choice handiwork; yet, this beauty is always menaced by sullen, threatening Vesuvius, which is always in sight, no matter in what direction one may go.

Vesuvius is about three leagues from the city, but its loftiness makes it seem much nearer. It is thirty miles in circumference and 4000 feet high. In spite of its numerous eruptions the region around Vesuvius has been densely populated, and many white houses glisten around its base. It seems strange that this burning mountain was once covered with fertile fields and vineyards. The Vesuvius Observatory is on a spur of the mountain, and, as a result of man's wonderful invention, is said to contain an instrument so delicately and wonderfully constructed as to indicate by its needle the degree of the volcano's activity.

"See Naples and die." We fancy the author of this proverbial saying must have been domiciled in one of those ideal hotels on Corso Vittorio Emanuale. If the acme of beautiful sights was essential to insure his willingness to depart this life, we feel sure it was the view from our veranda that inspired the proverb. Directly in front we have the beautiful bay,

dotted over with white sail boats; across the bay is the island of Capri,—once the home of the Cæsars. To the left of this panoramic view rises Vesuvius, pointing heavenward its lofty summit; along the base of the volcano towns are glittering in the moonlight. To the right is Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome in A. D. 62. Below are the terraced gardens, beautiful palms, orange groves, and the beautifully colored landscape. Just at the water's edge rises the Castello del Ovo, which was built in the 12th century by Frederic II, as a place of safety for his treasures. It is now used as a military prison. The whole edge of the bay from Castello del Ovo to Posillipo is lined by a massive embankment and carriage way, called the Via Caracciola. A little to the left we can discern the Galleria Umberto, called the arcade, where is found the most attractive shops. In every direction are seen the spires of churches, while the terraced streets below are filled with many and various kinds of vehicles.

The radiant sunshine is now bathing all the landscape in its warm beams. The buds of orange blossoms are bursting into bloom. The sweet notes from some Italian singers softly float upon the summer breezes, while overarching all is the bluest of blue skies, accentuated by floating white clouds. It is good to sit and breathe in all the beauty and fragrance one

feels. All nature seems to win you with subtle charms. Somehow the whole of Italy seems steeped in the spirit of romance. Surely it would be an easy task to gather the inspiration for writing where everything is so inspiring. Milton went to Italy,—the home of art and culture and song,—to broaden his views, and when we see "beds of violets blue and fresh-blown roses washed in dew" we think of his L'Allegro. But one need not go from home to be impressed by his sublime figures of rhetoric. In any land, in any clime, one can see his royal highway to heaven,—the milky way,—

> "A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
> And pavement stars."

There is something in this balmy air, these bright sunny days, moonlight nights, the odor of orange blossoms, and the rustling palms to stir the sentiment and quicken the pulsebeat of any one who is not a veritable Methuselah. The sun opens his eyes in the glowing east, and looks across the bay, whose quiet waters reflect his smile. These are the things from which pictures are made and books are written. Yet how often one's highest aspirations resolve themselves into a fine mist, and are as overwhelmingly consumed as are the rainbow tints of the sun's great beams. The shadowy visions may fly away, yet they served a purpose,—food for the mind,—like the glories of an ocean sun-

rise. Sometimes the failure is so evident that the timid one concludes that it was perhaps a species of conceit; yet Holmes tells us, "Conceit is to human character what salt is to the sea; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable." So, from Holmes' logical reasoning, one has to sustain a normal and healthy egotism in order to keep from wilting utterly under the blight of disenchantment and repression.

Some one has said that life, after all, is but a bundle of hints. If only as the bundle is unloosed each part may be found to contain something bright and cheery,—some hope ahead! It is always good to have something interesting just ahead of us, to which we may look forward with pleasure. No doubt many people die because they have nothing especially to live for.

We are becoming too theoretical, so back to our sightseeing. One must visit a few of the churches,—especially the St. Januarius. It, however, presents an incongruous mixture of various styles, owing to the frequent restorations occasioned by earthquakes. This church is in the French Gothic style, and was built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, but, after seeing the great Pantheon, one calls this a poor imitation. Here one finds many noted monuments and noted paintings and pieces of sculpture.

Then visit the National Museum to see the great collection of antiquities, and the excavated

treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the picture gallery. The ancient bronzes are well worth seeing, for there is nothing to be compared with them anywhere else.

While all the relics of antiquity together with their tragic histories are very interesting it is the unsurpassed climate and natural beauties that appeal to us most. Italy shows such a panorama of sea and mountains, such flowers, such olive and fig orchards, and such gardens and villas as one seldom sees. Of course back of all this is its antiquity, its importance in the history of the world. The extraordinary interest of this land of monumental greatness is kept alive by castles, monuments, and excavations that have outlived the ravages of centuries. No matter with what vivid preconception one may enter this fair land, there will be found plenty to satisfy the most exuberant fancy. We are charmed with Naples, and feel convinced that we will soon say with Browning:

> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graven inside of it—Italy."

IV

THE RUINS OF POMPEII

One of the greatest attractions in the neighborhood of Naples is the partly exhumed city of Pompeii. The very thought that it should lie buried for 1,700 years gives it a weird and peculiar fascination. In August, 79, this town was buried thirty feet under a shower of red-hot ashes and pumice stone. History tells us that at the time of its destruction Pompeii had a population of 20,000 to 30,000. The earthquake of 63 A. D. had destroyed a great part of the town, and in rebuilding there was a new Roman style introduced. The ruins show very plainly that the final catastrophe came before these buildings were completed. This was discernible in the unfinished carvings on the statues and columns.

Though thousands of visitors may tread this city of the dead with an indifferent interest, and may perhaps see nothing but ruins, yet it speaks in forcible language of fallen greatness. Those lonely columns stand like sentinels guarding the hallowed spot and refusing to desert their posts.

Boast as we may of our modern up-to-dateness, there is a charm about antiquity that holds

us captive. When we remember that this was the summer resort of the rich Romans a host of visionary thoughts crowd into our mind, giving rise to feelings tender and melancholy, accompanied with a sort of objectless sympathy for something unknown, yet something undeserving of such a tragic ending as came to this ill-fated city.

The modern excavations are simply the cutting off of the top of the hills formed by the volcanic matter. To the tourist it offers the picturesque desolation of a vast ruin. We reach Pompeii on an electric railway; almost the entire route we are going through vineyards and orchards, while the orange blossoms are seen in profusion. On the way we passed through a field of lava, which a few years ago partly destroyed the town of Boscotrecase, a town of 9,000 inhabitants, though only one hundred were killed. Two-thirds of the houses were buried in this lava, which looks like coal. Often we would see only the tops of chimneys above the lava, the house being entirely buried. Some of the houses were untouched, because this lava did not come from the top of the crater, but from a crevice in the side, and ran down into the town.

The streets of Pompeii are paved with huge stone blocks, while the sidewalks are about two feet above the streets, with large stepping-stones at the cross streets for the benefit of

footmen. The reason for such queerly constructed streets is that they drained the town through the streets, the water flowing into the sea. We see the worn ruts of chariot wheels; the deeper the groove, we assume the more popular was the street for driving. One sees the fountain, with the edges worn where the thirsty one rested his hands while drinking. I thought of that old saying, "A constant dropping of water will wear away a stone," and I wondered how many had leaned on those fountains thus to wear away the stone. These streets all lead to the baths, the theaters, the market, the temple of justice, and the Forum.

Most of the Pompeian houses were entered from the street by a narrow passage leading into a large court. In the center of the building was nearly always a garden inclosed by columns. Most of the apartments are very small, and I suppose families pass the greater part of their time in the airy courts or gardens. The walls are very brilliant with mural decorations, and there is brightly painted stucco everywhere. There is a great deal of similarity in the houses, and to describe one would give an idea of them all. The House of Pansa is one of the largest in Pompeii; the House of Faun is the most sumptuous, and was but slightly injured in the earthquake of 63. In this home we found the celebrated mosaic of the Battle of Alexander, which represents the battle at the

moment when Alexander, whose helmet has fallen from his head, charges Darius with his cavalry, and transfixes the general of the Persians before he has time to disentangle himself from his fallen and wounded horse.

In the House of Adonis there is a fresco, life size, of Adonis,—wounded, tended, and bewailed by Venus and the Cupids. In the House of Vetti the beautiful paintings and marble decorations are left as they were found. It is adorned with monumental paintings and brightly painted stucco, in which red and yellow predominate. On the frieze above are groups of Cupids. The garden is gorgeous with flowers,—the same kind that were grown in that long ago. We asked how they knew they were the same, and were told, "From the paintings around the Court." One flower most prominent and beautiful was the acanthus, and the leaf of this plant always forms the top decorations of the Corinthian columns.

The Court is embellished with numerous statuettes and marble tables. The rooms are decorated with fine paintings; above the dado are groups of Cupids and below are chariot races and mythological groups.

Much interest is centered in the Forum. The basilica, which fronts the Forum, was used as a market and law court. The interior was roofed in; around this was a passage with twenty-eight brick columns. These had

evidently been damaged by the earthquake of 63 and were undergoing repair, as they were partly covered with marble. We come now to the Forum proper. In the most conspicuous place rises the Temple of Jupiter on a basement approached by fifteen steps. Near by is a large triumphal arch. The open space in the center was paved with large slabs and embellished with numerous statues. The Forum was protected against the trespass of riders or wagons by pillars at the ends of streets that converged there. At the corner of one of these streets is seen a relief, with figures of two men carrying a wine jar,—this being the sign of a wine merchant.

In the Museum one sees the models of doors, windows, skulls, and skeletons of men and animals, but the principal objects of interest are the casts of human corpses and one of a dog. When the excavations are made it requires exceeding care to remove these casts. We were told that when a skeleton is found then all work ceases, except by hand. The dust is very carefully removed from without and within, and not a bone dislocated. When the interior is clear then they pour in a liquid cement, which hardens and looks like plaster. One figure shows a girl with a ring on her finger. Some of the features are well preserved.

Another object of interest is the great theater which once seated 5,000 spectators. The open-

ing in the ground for the rising and falling of the curtain is still seen. On the summit of the outer wall are the stone rings for the poles which supported an awning for use in sunny weather. Then there is the small theater adjoining, which was roofed in, supposedly for musical performances. Tier above tier, 1,500 seats cut out of stone are still to be seen.

The House of the Golden Cupids was excavated a few years ago. Nothing in it has been removed, and it is a perfect wonder. The wall paintings are marvelous, the colors as bright and clear as if painted yesterday. On the frieze are golden Cupids. The ceilings are gorgeous; they are decorated with Cupids of gold and garlands of lovely hues. Surely the art of making these lasting colors was buried with Pompeii, for never since have such colors been produced. In every available niche and corner of this house are well-preserved Cupids.

This house was the most interesting of all, because everything remained intact just as it was found, while in most of the others were seen only copies,—the originals having been placed in the Museum at Naples.

We next visited the street of the Tombs, which is just outside the gates of the city. Here are the richly built, magnificent tombs, after the manner of those of the Emperors along the Appian Way at Rome. The excavations here are not complete, but in point of

scenery the place is very picturesque. Of more interest than the street was the superb view from the hill overlooking the tombs. Vesuvius is on one side, sending up its smoke into the blue sky; on the other is the Bay of Naples, with Castellamare and Sorrento sparkling like jewels on its shore. We were glad to exchange the sight of the old ruins, with its scowling sentinels, for this lovely vision of beauty and life.

How the mighty have fallen! we're led to exclaim,
And, no matter what their purpose or aim,
The centuries of Time, with wonderful story,
Reveal alike their same weird history.

Time is the great sifter. It is God's mill
To grind out the ages of his own will.
Centuries of granite strength plainly tell
Of the decay of civilization. Where Kings fell
Time furnished others to feebly stand—
Through the coming ages of shifting sand.

V

ROME

"An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

—BYRON.

ROME! There is magic in the word to call up visions of a tragic past; of fallen kingdoms; of gallant fights and dark deeds; of chivalry and of treachery; and of those days when sheer power and might ruled paramount. This "eternal city," whose history goes back for twenty centuries, deserves to stand first in the world's history. This home of the Cæsars was the administrative center of the world. What must this city have been in the days of its glory!

Notwithstanding its many fine modern buildings, it is a city of ruins. At one glance one can see the pagan, the Christian, the modern Rome. Quaint streets and arcades remain as remnants of a style of architecture which has been replaced by modern shops. Among some of the up-to-date shops will be seen the strong walls of some ancient castle.

The seven-hilled city is built on both sides of the yellow legend-laden Tiber. If this river, rolling on like molten gold, could whisper of the

many lives it had remorselessly strangled and sent into eternity, we would turn from it in horror. We can but admire the nerve of the French in proposing to turn its channel in order to find its hidden treasures.

Rome is considered a healthful city, and is a good representation of regenerated Italy. Its whilom dirty streets have been transformed into a magnificent system of boulevards, which necessitated the demolition of many of its historic landmarks. While thousands of these gave way to the exigencies of modern civilization and progress a great many remain.

The first attraction for every visitor to Rome is St. Peter's Cathedral. This magnificent church occupies the place of the garden and circus of Nero. It was believed that the body of Peter was buried there, and Constantine the Great was the first to build in honor of St. Peter. Nicholas V decided to build this magnificent temple in honor of the prince of apostles. Owing to the death of the different popes and to the fact that the work changed hands so often, it required 176 years to complete St. Peter's, at a cost of 10,000,000 pounds. It covers an area of 240,000 square feet, and requires 6,000 pounds annually to maintain it.

The approach to St. Peter's is very imposing. It is in the shape of an amphitheater, formed by 284 columns in four rows, and is practicable also for carriages. On the entablature which

surrounds it stand ninety-six colossal statues. In the center of the piazza is a magnificent Egyptian obelisk without hieroglyphics. This is not the largest in Rome, but it has the merit of being the only one which has been preserved entire. This one was transported to Rome by Caligula, and was placed in the circus of Nero. A pagan obelisk seems an inappropriate decoration for a church, but this shaft first witnessed the martyrdom of many Christians in Nero's circus.

The exterior of St. Peter's may be just a little disappointing, but the interior is so gorgeous and so strikingly impressive because of its vastness and beauty that one readily forgets his first impression of disappointment. This may be justly called the most magnificent modern building in the world, since the greatest artists in the world exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability in order to embellish it. On the principal door is a bas-relief representing the Savior consigning the keys to St. Peter. Five doors give access to the vestibule, which is rich in marbles, in gildings, and in stuccoes. At either side are the equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne. Beneath the dome in the center is a canopy over the tomb of St. Peter; to the right is his statue in bronze, a work of the 5th century.

Near the door is a round slab of porphyry, on which the Emperors were crowned in ancient

times. It was here that Charlemagne on December 25, 800, received the Roman imperial crown from the hands of Leo III. It would grow tiresome to describe many of the chapels, so we will only mention a few. The first on the right is called the chapel of the Piety,—from the statue of the Madonna with the dead Christ on her lap,—by Michael Angelo. The grief of the Madonna is touchingly shown, and the modeling of the figures is exquisite. The Chapel of Sebastian shows the martyrdom of St. Sebastian in mosaic.

Under the next arch is the monument of Innocent XII, with the three little cream jugs,—the device of the family to which this pope belonged. The Gregorian Chapel was from the design of Michael Angelo, and in here is found the first mosaic in St. Peter's. The chair of St. Peter is behind the confessional. Above the altar is inclosed the supposed chair. It is covered by a glory composed of angels and seraphim; the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove in a transparent field has a most beautiful effect. Surrounding these are figures of Truth and Prudence and the statues of many of the saints.

The Clementine Chapel was interesting. It contains a copy in mosaic of the celebrated Transfiguration by Raphael. The transept contains confessionals for ten different languages,—as the inscriptions indicate. To the right beneath the next arch is the tomb in which

the most recently deceased pope will rest until the completion of his tomb and monument elsewhere. The remains of Leo XII were placed here in July, 1903. In the center of the Chapel of the Baptismal font stands the sacred font. Here is a very beautiful picture, representing the baptism of Christ.

Michael Angelo was most fortunate in his construction of the dome. He completed the drum of the dome, and left behind him drawings and models for the completion of the work. The whole is embellished by mosaics and gilt stuccoes. One must not fail to ascend the winding stairway to the top of the dome. To convey some idea of the vastness of St. Peter's, just remember that it has 44 altars, 150 splendid tombs, 748 columns, and 390 statues. Its grand columns, sculptured monuments, and wonderful paintings are simply bewildering, for all these combine to make St. Peter's the most magnificent church in the world.

After St. Peter's the most remarkable attraction in Rome is the Vatican, and one needs a whole month to take in all its riches. The place is literally crammed with artistic wonders, which are too crowded to be effective. This magnificent palace dates back to 352 A. D. In the time of Charlemagne it had reached such a degree of splendor as to accommodate that monarch when he came to Rome to be crowned by Leo III, 800 A. D. It was not the official resi-

dence of the popes until the return of Gregory XI from exile in 1377. Many popes, availing themselves of such men as Bramanti, Bernini, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others, added to the buildings until it has become the most sumptuous and magnificent palace in the world. Besides the museums and galleries, it contains over 4,000 rooms, eight grand staircases, 200 smaller ones, and 20 courtyards,—in all 11,000 rooms.

The most beautiful room is the Sistine Chapel. The ceiling is the work of Michael Angelo, and he took four years to complete it. In the first section he depicts in the air God Almighty, who, with the motion of his arms, separates light from darkness; in the second section He creates the sun, moon, and the plants on the earth; in the third section God is surrounded by angels regarding the waters and commanding them to bring forth the fishes of the sea. The fourth section is the most beautiful of all, representing the creation of man. God is touching Adam with his forefinger, imparting to him life, while his other arm is around a group of angels. The fifth section is the next best one, where God draws from Adam's side the woman, who, with folded hands stretched out toward God, wears a sweet expression as if thanking him, or perhaps receiving a blessing.

In the sixth the demon, in female form from the waist upward and otherwise a serpent, coils

around a tree; he persuades Adam and Eve to disobey their Creator, and hands the forbidden fruit to the woman. In the second part of this section you see the pair driven out by the angel. On their faces you can discern despair and disappointment. In the seventh section Noah's thank offering is represented. In the eighth is seen the flood, with Noah's ark on the water at a distance, and a few people clinging to it in the hope of saving themselves. Nearer is a boat, crowded to overflowing with terrified people. Still nearer is the top of a mountain, where a number of men and women have sought refuge, as if on an island. In this scene the wrath of God is represented with great art, for He sends upon them lightnings, waters, and storms. The ninth and last represents the story of Noah, who, when lying drunken on the ground, is mocked by his son Ham, but is being covered by Shem and Japheth. On the lower part of the vaulting are the prophets and angels. All are triumphs of art

In 1534-40, nearly thirty years later than this ceiling, Michael Angelo painted on the altar wall the Last Judgment. This painting covers the entire wall, which is 64 feet wide, and 32 feet high. In this picture Christ is represented as Judge, seated with the virgins, and surrounded by saints, prophets, and patriarchs, while below the archangel summons the dead to judgment. On the right are the redeemed, and on

the left are the lost. Above are two angels with the cross. Unfortunately this great painting has been darkened with the smoke of centuries.

The next most interesting rooms are the Stanze of Raphael,—four large rooms decorated with stupendous frescoes by Raphael and his pupils. The principal painting in one of these rooms is the "Incendio di Borge," or "The Conflagration." The traditional incident is that fire had broken out in the Vatican quarter, which was extinguished by the sign of the cross made by Pope Leo IV from the loggia of St. Peter's. This is all represented in the background. The foreground shows the terrors of a fire, the efforts of the people to save themselves, and the paralyzed condition of the women and children. This is the most popular of Raphael's pictures. The ceiling in this hall represents Christ in glory, and is so exceedingly beautiful that it is beyond description.

Another picture commanding universal admiration represents St. Peter delivered from prison. It is in three sections. In the first section St. Peter is sleeping in the dungeon, chained to two watchmen, and is being awakened by the angel; in the next section he is being led away by the angel, while the third shows the watchmen awake and excited on finding their prisoner gone.

Another mural painting by Raphael, and es-

pecially beautiful, was the "Disputa,"—the Glorification of the Christian Church. The congregation around the altar sees heaven open, showing Christ enthroned, attended by the Madonna. Above him is the half-figure of God, the Father, and below him is the symbol of the Holy Ghost, at each side of Whom are two angels holding the books of the gospel. A choir of angels forms the background, and angels bear the clouds, on which a little lower down the heroes of the Old and New Testaments are sitting.

How difficult it must be in such a collection of masterpieces to have a choice, but it is universally admitted that "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, is one of the most celebrated paintings in existence. What a privilege to see the works of such artists!

The Pantheon is considered the most splendid monument of antiquity in Rome, both in style and preservation.

> "Relic of nobler days, and nobler acts,
> Despoiled, yet perfect."

The portico is supported by sixteen magnificent columns of oriental granite. These columns are fifteen feet in circumference, and 41 feet in height. In the interior one sees grandeur and elegance, so different from the many churches whose walls are lavishly decorated. Being of circular form, it is commonly called

"La Rotonda." The height and diameter of the building are each 142 feet. The building is lighted from the aperture in the center of the dome, which is thirty feet in diameter. The walls are 22 feet thick, and the altars and chapels are cut in the wall and ornamented with columns of marble. The tomb of Raphael is by the third altar. The statue of the Madonna on this altar was executed in accordance with Raphael's last will.

Quaint old Rome, with its modern airs, its dismal ruins, its broad thoroughfares, its narrow, crooked streets, and its piazzas in all shapes! At every turn towers some stone commemorating ancient bravery and chivalry.

Prominent always is Garibaldi, that great Italian patriot, and the central figure in Italian independence. Turning from him, we see Pompey—the idol of the people. But when one sees the statue of Cæsar,—the central figure of antiquity, the figure around which all others cluster as lesser satellites,—one thinks of him as the greatest general of ancient times, and calls to mind his generosity and magnanimity expressed in these few words, "After a victory Cæsar knows no enemies."

Notwithstanding such varied vicissitudes, Rome is as she was in the past, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The tourist of any and all ages may attempt a prosaic descrip-

tion of Rome, but he can never excel Byron, who said:

> "But Rome is as the desert, where we steer,
> Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
> Our hands and cry: 'Eureka! it is clear—'
> When but some false mirage of ruin rises near."

"Rome was not built in a day;" neither can it be seen in a week. However, one can see enough old ruins in that length of time to make him feel like brushing the cobwebs off his brain. And there is so much to be seen that it is hard to discriminate; that which appeals to one does not interest another.

The most weird historic thoroughfare in the world is the Via Appia, which merits the title of the "Queen of Roads." For miles one sees the remains of ruined catacombs. These once beautiful specimens of Roman art are now nothing more than ghosts of the past, telling to a curious world their tales of tragedy and misery. This was once the fashionable burial place of ancient Rome. One tomb very prominent is that of Metella, the "stern round tower of other days." On every turn we are reminded of how much we owe to Byron for his descriptions of so many things in this land of history and art. The author of "Childe Harold" has given us some beautiful lines on this "woman's grave."

"What was this tower of strength?
Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?
A woman's grave."

This Appian Way awakens endless memories. St. Paul traveled this way as he came to Rome to preach the "unsearchable riches" of his religion. Emperors, with their prisoners and spoils of war, came this way. Not far from here are the great ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, which were enclosed by porticoes a mile in length. Within its limits were beautiful gardens and gymnasiums. Fancy a reservoir surrounded by 1,600 seats of sculptured marble, and a pool where 3,000 could bathe at one time. They also contained a theater and a museum. Excavations show that there were subterranean passages, with frequent entrances to the main floor.

One can be completely submerged with ancient history and a conglomeration of ruins, in which are shown all things, from the site of the palace of Augustus to the place where Faustulus,—the shepherd who rescued the twin brothers from the vultures,—had his hut; and where grew the black thorn tree, which sprung from the stick of Romulus.

The palace of the Cæsars was on the Palatine, which is called the aristocratic hill, because only consuls, patricians, and emperors lived upon it. Here 2,600 years ago historic Rome

had its beginning, with the fortress built by Romulus. This hill now resembles a museum of antiquities, so many excavations have been made in it. The Forum is the level space between the Palatine and the Capitoline hills. Can one realize that the most stupendous dramas in Roman history were performed here?

"The Forum,—where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

This was the place of political meetings from the surrounding hills, designated as the "open place," where the markets and courts of justice were held. The Forum was abandoned for many centuries, and became a receptacle for rubbish, but the extensive excavations of the present century have brought to light many interesting historical ruins.

The Arch of Titus crowns the summit of the Sacred Way, and was erected 81 A. D. by Domitian in honor of Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem. We can picture him in his chariot drawn by snow-white horses; ahead of him were the captives he had brought from Jerusalem. And now when the procession reaches the arch of Tiberius the train of the victor is parted in two; the hero, with his attendants, goes on his way to the temple of Jupiter, while the poor prisoners are turned off toward the Mamertine prison, perhaps there to be executed.

The temple of Concord was made famous for

being the scene of Cicero's exposure of Catiline's conspiracy. In these recent excavations has been unearthed the rostrum of Julius Cæsar, where Cicero made the speech against Mark Antony, which cost the orator his life. One can picture the greatest tragedy in Roman history. See Julius Cæsar going through the forum on the ides of March, heeding not the soothsayer who warned him to "beware of the ides of March." The "lean and hungry look" of Cassius even warned him, but on he rushes to the end, with "Thou, too, Brutus!" Then comes to mind Mark Antony's superb address, which awoke and aroused the populace to madness. It is said that on this rostrum the body of Julius Cæsar was exhibited to the crowd by Antony, and here the head and hand of Cicero were hung up after his murder.

No ruin equals the great Colosseum. It may well be termed "the colossal skeleton of Roman power." It is well preserved and one of the most interesting ruins in the world. It was finished by Titus; covers five acres of ground, and would seat 5,000 people. History tells us most horrible stories about its dedication. The Colosseum covers the ground occupied by Nero's golden house, and was finished in 76 A. D. This wonderful structure was built by the Jews taken captive by Titus after the siege of Jerusalem, and was brought to Rome. It was once used for a fortress; later it was turned into a

hospital. Then during three centuries the palaces and churches in Rome were built from stones and materials torn from the Colosseum.

Near the Colosseum stands the arch of Constantine, during whose reign Christianity was made the state religion and the heathen temples were closed. Whether Constantine was told in a vision to place the monogram of the name of Christ on his soldiers' shields, or whether it was an hallucination, the result was the same: and whether in midday, in the thickest of the fight, there was or was not seen in the sky a flaming cross, with the inscription, "By this we conquer," we know it has proved to be the right banner.

To the Christian visitor the Colosseum has an interest particularly and peculiarly sad, for these walls which he sees witnessed the same arena soaked with the blood of the martyr of the cross. For this reason the solemn awe of this venerable ruin can never be taken from it. Being a symbol of the greatness of Rome, the Colosseum gave rise to this prophetic saying:

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls with it shall fall the world."

VI

FLORENCE

Summer has clothed the forest with garb of greenest hue,
And stretched overhead the bending arch of blue;
The morning clear and bright has sharpness in the breeze
That fans so gently the leaves upon the trees.
How busily Spring has worked, both night and day,
Weaving wonderful robes that in time she may
Wave her magical wand over hill and tree—
When, like a flash, they are clothed in beauty.

The country around Florence is celebrated for the abundance of its flowers, and it presents a remarkably fertile field; corn, vines, and olives cover hills and valleys, while the surrounding mountains are covered with cypresses, chestnuts, and pines. Florence is built on both sides of the beautiful Arno. The walls, north of the Arno, have been demolished, leaving the gates isolated, huge monuments of the past. The river is spanned by six bridges,—two suspension and four of stone. The Ponte Vecchio, or Jeweler's bridge, alone retains its ancient form, and is still flanked on both sides by goldsmiths' shops.

This bridge is not only the oldest, but it is also the most picturesque, and George Eliot imparted to it the charm of romance. In her

novel "Romola" it was from the arches of this Ponte Vecchio that Toto, to escape the mob, leaped into the river. When he swam ashore he met the fate he had deserved,—death by the old man whom he had betrayed.

The villa Trollope, where George Eliot lived while she wrote "Romola," is now a fashionable pension (pronounced pon-se-one), and we have the distinguished privilege of occupying a room adjoining the one in which she wrote "Romola." These beautiful spacious rooms and galleries, surrounded by an inner court or garden of flowers and fountains, make an ideal spot apart from its historic atmosphere. The "Lily of the Arno" has more than its share of historic associations. It would be only necessary to mention a few from the long list of painters, sculptors, cathedral builders, poets, and humorists, whose work was the prelude of modern civilization. Even the hills around Florence echo and re-echo with classic memories. Here Milton wrote, and it was here Michael Angelo gave the world his best productions. The hills surrounding Florence are one continual source of pleasure, because they are all historic ground,—the homes of men and women whose lives have filled the world with their renown. The landscape in its wondrous delicacy of tones seems a filmy covering of beauty that is too heavenly for this earth; the mountains are wrapped in silver mist and a soft dreamy haze. The warb-

ling notes of some dear little birds come floating softly over the perfumes from the garden. The warm still air is freighted with aromatic scents from the pines and shrubs on the mountain side. The air seems as pure and clean as if it had been sifted through silk.

Of all the cities in historic Italy Florence is the cleanest, happiest, and most cheerful in appearance. Rome and the others carry a sentiment of sadness, but Florence is bright, easy-going, and seems to possess the secret of perpetual youth. The Florentines are a music-loving people; they sing while they work. Yet, with all its brightness, tragic memories hover over this ancient city; in it the glory of antiquity and advanced civilization are well combined.

One may be dazed by a visit to St. Peter's in Rome, but all its grandeur does not impress one as does a visit to the monastery of San Marco in Florence, for here one would love to burn a pinch of incense at the shrine of the uncanonized saint of Savonarola. Why should he not? Only four great names in religious history precede that of Luther,—Wicliffe in England, Huss in Bohemia, Wessel in Germany, and Savonarola in Italy. Of them all we deem Savonarola the most striking and splendid character; he "smites vice with whips of steel." His dominating thought was righteousness. The place seems hallowed by his preaching. It must have required extraordinary power to stir up the

people to such an extent that women flung finery and jewels on his "bonfire of vanities." In piazza Vecchio, in front of the Great Fountain, is a circular bronze slab which marks the site of the stake at which Savonarola was burned.

It is said that when the mob came to carry him away Bartolomeo, the convent painter, stood by Savonarola with a crucifix for a weapon, and repelled the invaders until he was overpowered. Then, when the prophet had been burned and his ashes scattered, he returned to San Marco, and painted that famous portrait of Savonarola which is now seen in cell No. 13, which was his cell. In it are seen his desk, his books, and his writings. One feels a reverential awe even to be in this hallowed cell and gaze through its little iron-grated window into the garden. Then, what a privilege to touch his old rickety chair. The interior of San Marco is brilliant; the frescoes, the mosaics, and the paintings seem to stand out so perfectly, and the coloring is exceptionally beautiful. There are more candelabra on marble pedestals and more gold and silver candlesticks than are seen in any other church, and since there are more bronze statues than are usually seen one could scarcely imagine what the brilliancy would be if they were all lighted.

The Loggia is a beautiful arcade of lofty arches, and for more than half a century it has

been a delight to visitors. It is filled with magnificent works of art. One realizes that though the great sculpture and art galleries are overflowing with treasures the generous Italians have even extended them into the streets, for the admiration of the passer-by. Here, with many others, is seen the famous group of bronze by Cellini, representing Perseus holding up the head of Medusa. Nearby is the masterpiece of Fedi, representing a subject in Mythology,—the seizure of Polyxena by Achilles. The Florentines made Fedi promise never to duplicate this group. What a continued source of pride and inspiration to the Florentines it must be to have such masterpieces continually in sight, for their very presence must speak encouragement, while the cold stones look approval. No other city can boast such facilities for studying art.

The Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace have thousands of fine paintings. To behold the work of such artists is indeed a privilege. To have the privilege of copying them must be of inestimable value to ambitious artists. The Tribuna is an apartment in the Uffizi that is superbly grand. Its cupola is encrusted with mother-of-pearl, mural decorations, gilded ceiling, and has a mosaic pavement. This hall alone is said to have cost 100,000 dollars. In here are seen five masterpieces of ancient sculpture and the choicest paintings in the gallery. One of the five is the famous Venus de Medici,

the statue that "enchants the world." One of the most beautiful paintings is Raphael's Madonna and Child, and another is Michael Angelo's Holy Family. Many days might be spent in this gallery of Tuscan, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German, French, and Venetian Schools, but there is such a thing as being surfeited,—even with beautiful art.

The Pitti Palace was the residence of the King and Queen during the time that Florence was the capital of United Italy. It stands to-day as a monument of solidity and strength peculiar to the architecture of that age. This building has successfully defied the ravishing touch of Time; none of its massive stones have ever needed replacing. And what a treasure house of art! Its ceilings are covered with paintings framed in gold; the cornices are decorated with statues; and there are exquisitely inlaid floors, and great elegance everywhere. The fact that its walls are entirely covered with the world's great masterpieces makes it bewilderingly interesting.

All this pomp and splendor reminds us of the legend that when a prince lay dying in this palace an old priest undertook to comfort him and tell him of the mansions in the skies. The dying man said he "would be willing to remain in Pitti."

VII

VILLA TROLLOPE

Ages, and moss, and ruins make classic ground,
And these walls, like an old Cremona, abound
And vibrate with the music of a dead master—
And whose tones make pulse to vibrate faster,
As, in imagination, we catch the thrill
Of the dying echoes o'er valley and hill.

The most seductive of lands is this land of sunshine and blue skies; it is most tenacious in its hold upon you. We have done but little, yet the day has fled; a little idling, walking, riding, seeing a few of the thousand things to be seen, and a week, a month, is gone. The full moon is shining down from a cloudless sky, turning night into a softer day. The air is absolutely laden with the fragrance of the orange blossoms in the garden. With the witchery of moonlight shining out of a turquoise sky, soft balmy air, and the fragrance of the orange blossoms, it seems the world is full of music, and life crowded with beauty surpassing our wildest dreams.

Is there one who has ever heard music, and not felt within him a capacity for being better? It seems impossible even to see grandeur and

beauty without having a feeling in the inmost soul of unearthed and unsatisfied conceptions. We are writing in the quiet hush of the night while the stars that keep their stately rounds in the far-away heavens shine out like the eyes of angels looking down with eager interest upon a sleeping world. We never could have realized the grandeur of the universe without the night to bring forth her starry legions marshaled over wide-extended plains. The realization that these golden opportunities will soon be reckoned as memories casts a shadow of regret, which I hastily brush away, for I must jot down my fascinating explorations of to-day.

Before the church of Santa Croce is an imposing monument to Dante. At his feet is the figure of an eagle, showing the king of bards towering above the king of birds. The Santa Croce is a very beautiful Gothic church which was begun in the twelfth century. The front of it is of variegated marble, the interior is very impressive, and it is interesting because of its numerous monuments to celebrated men. Near the door is the tomb of Michael Angelo; just beyond is the monument to Dante. At some time, at the instance of some heathenish taste, the beautiful paintings in this church were covered over with whitewash. This is now being removed and the most gorgeous paintings are being revealed. In this church are the tombs of Cherubini, Galileo, and many others.

It adds interest to Florence that Michael Angelo was born here. Not only did he write sonnets here, but, as an engineer, he built the fortifications of Florence. This great sculptor, painter, and architect built unto himself monuments that will last until time shall be no more. His home was bequeathed to the city by his descendants, and it would be very gratifying to touch the easel, the armchair, or the walking-stick of the illustrious man who said, "It is only well with me when I hold the chisel in my hand."

It has been universally conceded that the palaces of three cities,—Florence, Rome, and Venice,—are the finest that the world possesses. And the erection of these princely edifices progressed from one of the cities to another, starting at Florence. The Florentine palaces are monuments of the early Renaissance, which art culminated in Rome. Reaching the best type of palatial structure is the Farnese Palace, which was designed principally by Michael Angelo. At that time it was unique, the only one of the kind in Europe. It was so beautiful and extraordinary that all the world fell to copying it, and has not yet ceased to do so. Even the whole of Fifth Avenue, with its brown stone residences, is a copy of the Farnese Palace. Michael Angelo's perfection of house-building seems to serve as a standard, a classic. The Italians expressed their admiration of his

wonderful design of cornice by a long word, "*Stupendissime.*"

The Duomo, Campanile, and Baptistry form an architectural trio of beauty, and a quotation from Stoddard would convey the meaning attached to them: "The Baptistry, at whose sacred font the dawning life of every Florentine receives its consecration; the Duomo, whose gigantic roof arches above him as he kneels in prayer, and the ethereal Campanile, pointing heavenward, as if reminding him of immortality. These three symbolize the triology of human history,—birth, life, and death."

The Campanile, meaning a bell tower, was designed by Giotto in the 14th century, and was intended to surpass, both in height and workmanship, any of the remains of antiquity. It is square, 292 feet high, and is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful structures in the world. It is made of variegated marble, and has exquisitely pointed windows and innumerable sculptured decorations. "It is as beautiful as the Campanile" has become an accepted phrase to express the climax in things beautiful.

The Baptistry is much less pretentious in appearance than the Cathedral or Campanile, but it is a towering structure of marble made famous by its bronze doors, which have won the admiration of the world. Their panels are filled with life-sized figures. Michael Angelo

said of these doors, "They are worthy to be the gates of paradise."

The world-renowned Duomo rises from the center of the city, like a towering mountain,—a mountain of marble, adorned with artistic sculpture and Florentine mosaic,—and every stone bears witness to grand ideals and great achievements. The dome of this cathedral served Michael Angelo as a model for St. Peter's at Rome.

Florence is noted for its beautiful parks and driveways. The Cascine is a pretty park and a fashionable rendezvous in the late afternoon, particularly for driving; but the most picturesque drive is on the road to Miniato. On this elevation is a famous church, founded in honor of St. Minias, who suffered martyrdom in the third century. On the top of the hill stands a fine bronze copy of Michael Angelo's "David." We were told that George Eliot was particularly fond of the view from this height and came often at sunset to gaze on the beautiful city of Florence, and muse upon its glorious history. How delightful and inspiring such a place must be, while basking in the glorious Italian sunshine, and inhaling inspiration from this classic atmosphere!

> The glow of early morning is on the land,
> All respond to the gentle touch of day. And
> There lingers yet the stillness of the night;
> The leaves barely tremble. A pleasing sight,

For sky is as blue as the jay-bird's wing—
While every voice in nature seems to ring
With the summons to come out in the open air,
And enjoy the glorious sunshine, bright and fair.

VIII

VENICE

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,"

and surrounded by the same bewitching halo and dazzling beauty, I, like Byron,

"Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

This singular city of marble palaces seems to rise visionlike from a very unsubstantial sea; and this unstable foundation, with its humid surroundings, makes it at all times more or less fascinating. But it is doubly beautiful when the tides are highest, and each palace is doubled by reflection in that "green pavement which every breeze breaks into new fantasies." Venice can surely boast that no other city resembles her; there is but one Venice. For hundreds of years her streets have been water, and her vehicles boats. Instead of the usual noise of street-cars and cabs what a pleasant change to find a multitude of boats; and instead of the rattle of wheels on paved streets we noiselessly glide along to our destination.

The Grand Canal is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure, but the city has about 150 smaller water streets, by means of which visitors are carried to every quarter. It is simply enchanting, and no matter how many times one has seen it on paper, nor how familiar with its history he may be, a genuine surprise awaits him. There is a pleasing sense of novelty which appeals to all alike. Byron has sung of the beauties of Venice, and given many of its details in poetic form. We may know this city is built upon its hundred isles, separated by as many canals, which are spanned by its 300 bridges, but we cannot be prepared to see its buildings rise out of the sea, and one can almost fancy oneself in some enchanted wonderland.

The Grand Canal, which is 200 feet wide, is the Broadway of Venice, and it is lined with marble edifices and palaces nearly its entire length of two miles. From every door marble steps descend to the canal, and tall posts serve as a mooring place for the gondolas. Across this great thoroughfare is a structure that we recognize as the "Bridge of the Rialto," the huge arch of which is entirely of marble, the span of which is 100 feet, and the height from the water 25 feet. The width is 72 feet, and it is divided into three streets, the middle one 21 feet wide, and there are two rows of shops.

As the refugees from Padua resorted to the

Rialto, so do all visitors. And we wonder if the princely merchants still congregate on the Rialto, and of all the shops on either side of this famous bridge we wonder which was Shylock's, in which

> "In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys and my usances."

It is not difficult to find a Bassanio, for either north or south, east or west, it is an easy matter for a young man's heart to turn to an heiress—and we suppose the same might be said of the "fair speechless messages."

One must get into a gondola just as the moon comes up above the waters of the Adriatic; then the pen fails in description—and only a Titian could paint it. As one glides along over the smooth glassy surface one's interest increases as he is shown the historic houses that were the homes of illustrious people, such as the house where Byron lived and wrote:

> "I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water columns from the sea."

We are shown the home of Titian, of George Sand, then the stately mansion in which Wagner died, and the home of our much-loved Robert Browning, who had "Italy graven in his heart."

One must visit the Academy of Fine Arts,

which contains almost exclusively works of Venetian artists. It is here we see Titian's best productions, and this is the collection that Napoleon said he would give a nation's ransom to possess. The Academy is very rich in elaborate carvings, paintings, and works of decorative splendor, but it is hardly equal to similar buildings in Florence.

In the beauty and interest of its domestic architecture Venice ranks before any other city in the world. One would fancy that, being built on a number of small sandy islands, Venice was not on a firm or solid foundation; but it is claimed that very few houses have suffered seriously from settlement. At a depth of ten to sixteen feet there is a firm bed of very stiff clay, and below this a bed of sand and gravel, and then a thin layer of peat. In boring for artesians wells to a depth of 1,500 feet a regular succession of these beds,—clay, gravel, and peat,—is repeated again and again, as far as the borings have reached.

One of the chief glories of Venice is the extensive use of very beautiful marbles, which give a wealth of magnificent color such as is seen in no other city in the world. A still greater splendor of effect is given by the lavish use of gold and color,—especially the costly ultramarine blue.

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun."

The Piazza of St. Mark is the center of attraction. Here we require no guide to point out some of its monuments, for we recognize the lofty Campanile, the sumptuous palace of the Doges and others.

St. Mark's church is unequaled in richness of material and decoration. Above the portals we see the famous bronze horses,—those historic horses of Lysippus, which Napoleon stole and carried to Paris, but which the Emperor Francis restored to Venice, the same horses that the Crusaders carried off from Constantinople. The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for 500 years, and it is a wonderful blending of different arts. Some of its marble columns were brought from Ephesus, others from Smyrna, others from Constantinople, while many were brought from Jerusalem. Each column possesses a different, yet eventful history. St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, where was stored the booty gained from her conquests. The domes, and vaults, and walls too are completely covered with brilliant mosaics, the ground being in most cases of gold. The rest of the surface of the walls is covered with richly colored marbles, relieved by pure white marble, sculptured in panels. No less than 500 costly marble columns are used to decorate this church. The mosaics are among the finest in the world. On the nave dome the subject is the Descent of the Holy

Spirit; the tongues of fire radiate upon colossal figures of the Apostles, and below them, on the drum of the dome, is a second series of figures representing the various nations of the world who were converted through the inspired teaching of the apostles.

In the baptistry are the life of St. John the Baptist and scenes from the life of Christ,—all exceedingly beautiful. Another remarkable cathedral is San Marco, said to contain over 4,000 square feet of mosaic work. The vaulting consists entirely of mosaic, representing scenes from the Creation on—and even through the New Testament. In a prominent place in this church is the receptacle, guarded by the statue of the twelve apostles, where is kept the body of St. Mark.

Opposite the entrance stands the towering Campanile, which required over 200 years for its construction. This is ascended by a winding way instead of steps, and it is said that Napoleon rode his horse to the top, which feat does not seem surprising for one of his daring. It was in this tower that Galileo prosecuted his scientific experiments, though his first complete telescope was tested from the tower of St. Mark.

The Doges' Palace is full of historic interest. It has a variety of architectural styles, yet it is massive and imposing. As we wandered through its various apartments we were as-

tonished at the splendor, for the ceiling and walls are covered with enormous masterpieces set in golden frames. We were shown the Giant's Staircase where, on the topmost stair, standing between two colossal statues representing Mars and Neptune, the Doges were inaugurated into sovereignty. This staircase naturally calls to mind Faliero,—the Doge who betrayed his trust,—and we shudder as we call to mind Byron's tragedy of Masino Faliero, which closes with, "The gory head rolls down the Giant's Steps."

The Bridge of Sighs communicates between the Doges' palace and the prisons. It is a covered gallery, and a lamentable monument to tyranny. If it could tell its tales of woe, what cries of lamentation would be heard!

It is a well-known fact that the Venice of today is by no means the same city as the Venice of earlier and more famous days. Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," gives this thought in the following beautiful language: "The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into the dust. No prisoner, whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that Bridge of Sighs, which is the center of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveler now

passes with breathless interest." But it is not good to eliminate everything but stern realistic facts, and, taking it all in all, Venice is a dream, marvelously beautiful, and must continue to be of extraordinary interest.

A conscientious and energetic sightseer would lose haste and learn to loiter in Venice, and be willing to linger indefinitely. There seems to be a soothing effect in the Venetian atmosphere; even the gondoliers are mild-mannered and quiet. Their boats lie in rows at the various "stands," and applicants take the one at the end, while the returning boats take their place at the other end. The legal fare for a gondola is equivalent to twenty-five cents an hour, and a gondola will accommodate five persons. We are loth to leave this wonderland.

"And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice, have their colors caught."

IX

MILAN

Like Milton's man, who

> "Trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistled as he went, for want of thought,"

so

> We write away, hardly knowing what we say,
> Yet scribble, just for want of thoughts, to-day.

Alternating between brilliant sunshine, excessive heat, and thunder storms, the days of the past week have been fraught with uncertainty for excursionists and sightseers. Milan is so situated in the Lombardy plains that when it is hot 'tis scorching hot. Next to Naples, Milan has the largest population of any town in Italy. It is the wealthiest manufacturing town in the country, silk being the principal article manufactured. Being located near the beginning of several of the great Alpine passes secures for Milan a high degree of prosperity. It is built in a circle, the Cathedral being the central point; it is surrounded by a wall, seven miles in circumference, and immediately outside the wall a fine broad thoroughfare makes the circuit of the city.

Milan is a great commercial and yet a great musical center. The Scala is one of the largest theaters in Europe, and the Milanese are rather conceited in regard to their musical advantages, believing that no singer could be worth hearing who has not sung in the Scala. The focus of the commercial and public life of Milan is the Piazzo del Duomo, in which is located the celebrated Gothic Cathedral, which is really one of the wonders of the world, there being only two larger in Europe. It is marvelously beautiful. Its dimensions might convey some idea of its magnitude, but pen would fail in depicting its grandeur. The interior is 500 feet in length, over 200 feet in width, while the dome is more than 360 feet in height. There are one hundred towers or pinnacles, the loftiest one being 360 feet high. The exterior is ornamented with 2,000 marble statues. The building is built in brick, cased in marble. The interior has double aisles, and is supported by 52 pillars, each fifteen feet in diameter. The pavement is finished in marble and mosaic. The effect of the whole is almost fairylike in the moonlight. This magnificent edifice was 500 years in course of construction.

For an extensive view one should climb the 500 steps to reach the summit of this cathedral and find himself so far above the city that the buildings will look like toy-houses. The distant view is particularly fine. The fertile

plains stretch away in all directions until they meet the foot-hills of the Alpine range, or extend toward the shores of the Adriatic. One can almost imagine he recognizes the Tyrolean Alps with their white snow-caps glittering in the bright sunshine.

The Palazzo de Brera is the main picture gallery of Milan, and contains some of Raphael's famous pictures, and here the Venetian School is particularly well represented. In the center of the handsome court is a bronze statue of Napoleon I as a Roman Emperor.

In Santa Maria delle Grazio may be seen the celebrated Last Supper of Da Vinci. This picture is painted in oils on the wall, and has been more and more defaced until it is almost ruined. Milan is rich in works of art. It has been the home of many excellent sculptors and architects.

The characteristic features of Milan are its commercial activity and the bustling, busy crowd in its streets, so different from the easy-going Tuscan of Florence, whose only aim in life seemed to be an endeavor to be happy. The Milanese rush about from shop to shop, from café to café, much in the manner of New Yorkers, as if there were something very urgent just ahead of them. The streets are always brilliantly lighted at night, and the gay crowds fill the restaurants and cafés, eating, smoking, listening to the bands, chatting gayly,

and all the time gesticulating. The Italian language appears to be about one half gestures.

One does not see many Englishmen nor Americans in Milan, and one hears less English spoken there than in any other Italian city. There are many Germans in Milan and that city seems to have adopted much of the German thrift.

The shadows of our last night in Milan have passed, and rosy-fingered Aurora is now painting the east with her saffron hues. There lingers the stillness of night, but the glow of a fast approaching sunrise is upon the sky tinting the landscape. Taking an early train to Lucerne gave us the opportunity of witnessing the beauties of the early morning, and bright are our anticipations of the mountainous ride ahead.

Foreign lands with their varied customs are strangely fascinating,—so different from what we are accustomed to in America. In Europe a few hours' travel in any direction brings one among new nations, with new manners and customs. One passes from the rapid tongue of the French, the wit of the Irish, the soft accent of the Scotch, to admiration of the honest Swiss and of the cleanliness of the Dutch. There are characteristic changes at every turn, and each variety adds its own peculiar spice to life.

X

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND

The pine tree sparkles with the dripping dew,
Exhaling sweet odors on the morning new;
Nature seems gladdened by sun's cheery rays
As we speed along o'er these mountainous ways.

The experience of the ride through the mountains of Switzerland cannot soon be erased from memory. Switzerland is a feast of blue lakes and snowy peaks, and one feels there the exhilaration of fine air. The mountains round into graceful forms, clothed with forests bearing the variegated hues of their different trees, and the peaceful valleys lie between; and there are wild gorges through which rush foaming streams with their roaring cataracts.

As we listened to a noisy mountain stream we were reminded of one of Scott's characters in "Old Mortality," who in one of his reveries said to the noisy brook: "Murmurer that thou art, why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea to receive thee on its bosom; and there is an eternity for man, when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a

shoreless ocean are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages."

This ride on the St. Gothard is one continuous unfolding panorama of beauty and splendor,—nature's moving-picture gallery. How one loves to gaze on the mountains when tree-clad ridges roll, like mighty green billows, into the far distant sky, and green forests lie aquiver in the mountain breezes and shimmer in the sun and the soft blue haze of summer time. To vary the beautiful landscape a great ledge of rock will protrude like a cornice on the mountain side; then a little farther on is the little cascade of white foamy water dashing furiously down the little time-worn crevices into the raging stream below. The scenery along this route is superb,—a strange beauty,—an enchantment. These mountains,—tireless, world-old sentinels,—have an air of grim finality, and they seem to declare that they have always been and will always remain hard, obdurate, and proud of their snowy peaks.

> Sometime in the ages long ago these same mountains
> Lifted their lofty peaks; and each succeeding night
> The same lonely stars in the velvet purple darkness
> Have silently, but grandly, flooded them with light.

People in this hurrying world have too little communion with nature and know too little of her free and honest ways. We are too prone

to hie away to the haunts of fashion and artificial amusements, and come back tired and out of sorts. But nature never deceives, never leaves us worse of body or soul for her companionship. Music is soothing; and Nature is vocal with the musical birdnotes, the rippling brook, the fall of the cataract, the deep-toned mountain pine, or the murmuring melodies of the briny deep. As our own poet-laureate has sung:

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that would keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

If an art gallery educates the taste, or the sense of beauty, why should not the pictures in nature, which the best of art can only imitate, do so even more? Then another question arises,—How can a soul look upon these splendid visions of beauty, painted by the hand of the divine Artist, and not recognize the God who worketh in all the changes of earth and sky and in all the manifestations of life and beauty?

One gets strong contrasts of scene and surroundings while going through this mountainous country. How inspiring and grand are the mountains! How grand as their white summits glisten in the morning sun, or glow at

evening time with its parting rays, and as the light and shadows play upon them! What scenes for a painter! Such blending of colors! We are going over the mountain crest, enraptured with all this gorgeous scenery, when lo! we find ourselves within a tunnel. This is often repeated until finally we come out of a long tunnel just as the moon rides up the heavens, shedding her silvery light upon range after range of mountains and valleys, from which there comes no sound of human life. It was all nature,—wild, weird, rugged, silent, and sublime. Above were the star-lit heavens, below the rugged seams of the face of nature. As our California pioneer poet, Joaquin Miller, sings:

"They stand in line of lifted snowy isles
High held above the toss'd and tumbled seas,—
A sea of wood in wild, unmeasured miles:
White pyramids of Faith where man is free;
White mountains of Hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song."

The St. Gothard is a mountainous group 160 square miles in area, with a number of different peaks, extensive glaciers, and about thirty small lakes. It is famous for its rich Alpine flora. One gets very near to heaven up among the Alps; the skies are bluer, the stars are closer; the earth seems far below when one is on these great heights. Nothing can surpass this region of hill and dale and

mountain and azure lakes,—girdled with their native trees and shrubs.

The light effects among the mountains are always finest just before sunset, but then the higher summits are often enveloped in clouds. But one of the grandest sights is in the early morning. Just fancy a faint streak in the east and the stars gradually paling until the birth of day is heralded. Then watch this change to a band of gold on the horizon as each lofty peak becomes tinged with a roseate blush; then the shadows between mountain tops are lifted, and they melt away when the sun bursts forth from behind the mountains in all his majesty, flooding the superb landscape with his golden beams.

From one of these lofty peaks one can look down on the babbling brook, smiling in its silver ripple and never growing old, though it goes on forever. Or from a peaceful, quiet valley one may say with Byron:

> "Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche,—the thunderbolt of snow."

XI

LUCERNE

The mountain tops rise above the mist
That floats o'er valleys low;
Their peaks so bright, reflecting light
From the early morning's glow.

The garden is flooded with pale moonlight; the breath of the night is coolly sweet; the moon has touched the jagged contour of the range of mountains with a shimmering radiance and edged with silver a solitary snowy cone hovering between earth and sky. A green golden glow tinges the lake and makes a gracious part of the glimmering setting. What a picture! The blue of this lake can neither be painted nor described. Its color is a deep sapphire—its transparent waters mock the blue sky above. The surroundings blend the different tones of blue, and when one first sees the beautiful postcards, representing the beauties of the lake, his first exclamation is, They can't be natural! But he soon finds that they are perfectly accurate. It is the most beautiful lake in the world.

The scenery around Lucerne is unsurpassed in Switzerland in grandeur and variety. The

river Reuss and the towering Alps combine to make its beauty and magnificence incomparable. The most imposing mountains are the Regi, Pilatus, Burgenstock, Horn, and Stanser Horn. Three or four tiers of mountains are visible from Lucerne. Some are terraced gradual slopes, while at the foot are grown the chestnut, the fig, and the almond.

The clear emerald-green Reuss issues from Lake Lucerne with the swiftness of a torrent. It dashes so furiously that Mark Twain said it "went hurrahing out of town." It is spanned by seven bridges, but the two most interesting are the mediæval bridges,—the Kapell Brucke and the Spreuer Brucke. Both are covered, and on the interior of their roofs are interesting paintings. The first has more than one hundred scenes from the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne and from the town history. The Spreuer Brucke has scenes pertaining to a Dance of Death. This is a queerly constructed wooden bridge, and is one of the quaintest sights of all Europe. It was built in the 14th century, and the paintings are arranged overhead so that in going in either direction the townsmen are reminded that death must one day call for them all.

Rising out of the Reuss is the old Wasserturm, and, according to tradition, this building was once a light-house,—*lucerna,*—which gave the name to the town. Switzerland enjoys a

halo of natural glory of which one never tires. The sight of the kingly Alps,—with snow-clad summits, lofty grandeur, and imposing greatness,—thrills the heart with exaltation. The keen tonic of the mountain air is so rejuvenating that one feels its increasing benefit from day to day.

There is something very inspiring about mountains,—God's monuments commemorating the great upheavals of the dim and distant past. They are the sublimest personalities known to earth, and it augurs well that man can endure their proximity. A nation from among the mountains should be unequaled in intrepidity and daring. No wonder that the spirit of the people of Switzerland would brook no fetter of tyranny.

The greatest charm of Lucerne is the gorgeous view of the lake and mountains, and the town is absolutely cleanly. One can not enter a shop without noting the orderliness of the people. In some towns one feels as if he were among people who have come from Greece, or Italy, or Turkey, with their tempting wares,—strangers to do business with strangers,—but it is not so in Lucerne. There seems to be a peculiar pride among the people in the fact that their fathers and grandfathers before them dwelt in the same place and carried on the same business. One would imagine that the same mutual trust and feeling of brotherhood which

made Lucerne brave and powerful in mediæval times keeps it to-day public-spirited, honest, and industrious.

It was our good fortune to be at Lucerne on a Fourth of July, which was celebrated with the accustomed éclat, and the hotels were ablaze with electric lights; this, added to the display of fireworks, seemed to set the river Reuss and the lake on fire with their reflected glory. The bridge and the tower were jeweled with innumerable lights; the lights on the boats flickered as they glided hither and thither; across the Lake the lights from the hotels on the Burgenstock with its funicular railway rippled from base to summit with meteoric beauty; and added to all this was the dazzling splendor from the great search-lights from the Stanserhorn, casting brilliance across the darkness. All combined, these things made one feel that he was back in some enchanted land of old Arabian tale. At first one naturally wonders at these foreigners hoisting the American flag, and having such a gorgeous display of red, white, and blue fireworks, but then he remembers that the Americans are taking Europe. These great hotels are filled with Americans, who know how to spend their money. So it is the American who has helped to build these fine hotels, and by his presence every year in a measure he maintains them.

Lucerne is called the tourist center of Europe.

The season is from April to October inclusive. All around the curving lake runs one vast wall of masonry, which is a continuation of palatial hotels. In front is a line of chestnut trees that give shelter to the promenade. Conspicuous are the tall spires of the brown-roofed Cathedral, and the nine towers upon the rampart wall rise clear against the sky, or dark against the gray hills beyond; while higher, with exquisite broken outline, slope up the green fields and purple woods into the curling mists and floating clouds that veil the top of the snow-clad Alps.

Lucerne has had a history, and the men who built their wooden bridges in the 14th century, or rebuilt their houses in the 16th, though mute, have much to tell us and much to interest us as we stroll through their picturesque streets and by-ways. Lucerne is quite interesting on market days, for then the market boats push up, through the early dawn, and one finds himself in a picturesque confusion of buyers and sellers of fruits and flowers and vegetables. But by noon the confusion has all disappeared, and everything is silent, while the sweepers only are busy, and it is astonishing how quickly the streets are made spotlessly clean again.

Not a house in Lucerne in the 16th century but had its outside walls frescoed, and enough has remained to make them unique and interesting.

Every visitor to Lucerne must see the Lion,

the national memorial to Swiss faithfulness and valor. It is a wonderful piece of carving, —a huge lion carved in the rocky side of the mountain, with a broken lance in his side, though still clutching with his paw the lily shield that lies in the dust. The work was done in 1821 in memory of 26 officers and of about 760 soldiers of the Swiss guard who fell in defending the Tuilerrio in 1792. This dying lion, sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw, is a touching memorial scene, and no doubt the Swiss come often to drink afresh of the fountain of heroic memory.

XII

AIROLO

After leaving Lucerne and going through the St. Gothard tunnel, we come to Airolo, an Italian village in Switzerland, about 4,500 feet above the sea. The air is like a tonic—the mountains surrounding are covered with snow. Occasionally the gray clouds hide their summits. The Swiss are wonderful people, yet they have no language, and in Airolo everybody speaks Italian. The beauty of the Swiss scenery beggars description. It has a fresh revelation each morning. The valleys are the same, the mountains are the same; yet each day brings new wonders. Such beauty, such magnificence and grandeur as her lakes, valleys, and mountains show! One would think Switzerland would produce the finest artists in the world, yet she has no artists. She has no poets nor musicians; yet one would think that all the Swiss would be poets and musicians. One lesson I learned: environment may count for something, but it is not such a large factor in human development as I had always believed.

The Swiss are a thrifty, businesslike, and money-making people. They are the greatest

road builders in the world. They think nothing of tunneling eight or ten miles. They have the most perfect and wonderful roads and the most wonderfully constructed railroads in the world. Their roads are smoother and better kept than many of our streets in our large cities,—more like a perfectly built and well kept Kentucky turnpike.

One who is accustomed to the broad prairies of the West can but be impressed with such thrift and industry. Every available space is in cultivation. When the hillsides are too steep to plant anything clover and grass grow on them, and above them on the steepest are vineyards. Not an inch of ground is lost. They drink their native wines and a cordial, made from cherry pits and sweetened, called crême de kirsch. These Swiss are wonderful people, and their country seems to be the best cared for, the most scientifically cultivated that I ever saw. Thrift and comfort, well-kept fields, and houses with red-tiled roofs everywhere. The people are never idle. Even on Sunday one sees men and women working in the fields. Evidently the Sabbatical idea is Anglo-Saxon, for both in Switzerland and Italy every one works on Sunday as on any other day of the week.

Airolo is the ideal spot of the world. Our hotel is an old palace, and the mural paintings are well preserved. The gardens are beyond description,—oleanders, magnolias, cape jas-

mines, palms, olives, lemons, and oranges,—all growing together in great profusion. With flowers of every hue, Nature, like Joseph, wears the coat of many colors. And when the sunbeams are scattered riotously the garden has an undeniable attraction all its own. The sky is a pale azure, while the whole landscape is made up of the grays and mauves and olives of tender buds, all melted into one indescribable hue.

It is in the power of a beautiful scene in Nature, or of a sublime panorama of mountains, or in some great work of art to stir thoughts that lie too deep for utterance. More than once have I thought of the old colored woman who, looking upon a scene in which her soul felt its power, said: "When I looks on a scene like dat I feels somethin' in heah,"—placing her dark hands on her bosom,—"which I jess can't 'spress." She evidently had the same feeling, though differently worded, as Tennyson had when he said:

> "And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me."

I feel very much like the colored woman did, for it is a heavenly morning, the sky is blue and cloudless, and the whole of nature seems literally to be smiling. What a beautiful bouquet each orange tree makes as the rich green color of its leaves contrasts with its perfect golden fruit. Here it seems to be perpetual spring,

and springtime anywhere is the best season of the year, because of the marvelous renewal of life that comes with it. The lake is no longer muddy gray. The trees are showing tender green; the orchards are a mass of pink and white blossoms; the early roses are in full bloom, while the tall, stately poplars have on their tips of renewed green.

Along with this exuberance of life one feels there is something behind all this activity. Through the flowers we see the fruit, and beyond the budding greens we picture the harvest. In this dreamland Nature seems to feel her own loveliness, and has a way of making you not only admire her, but unconsciously rejoice with her.

Looking to the north we see the lakes, while farther on are the stately snow-capped mountains. The atmospheric conditions seem at all times to be just right for a great painting on the western sky. How grand it always is as the sun drops through the thin clouds that blush to crimson and gold as he approaches. And after the great red disk disappears some of the most marvelous effects are produced. One can, in imagination, see a golden city rising terrace upon terrace, with walls and towers glowing like palaces of light. Now back of all this the hidden sun sends upward his parting shafts, and turns to crimson the wreaths of clouds arching the sky above.

A continuous miracle is being performed by the rising and setting sun, and yet some people do not believe in miracles. There is something pathetic in the fact that some people live out their lives and pass away without having discovered anything beautiful and wonderful in the world in which they have lived. They see nothing to delight the soul or charm the eye in the daily panorama of the rising and setting sun, of floating clouds, of birds and flowers, of arching sky, or even in the pageantry of the seasons.

We were very fortunate in being at Airolo during moonlight nights, and when the moon arose in all her glory the mountains and lakes by moonlight surpassed, if possible, the scene at sunset. The quiet city, folded in the arms of the mountains and wrapped in the robes of night, is an ideal expression of rest. The setting, too, is ideal. While a strong sunshine is best to show the full glory of the mountains, with their snow-white rising mists, yet the softest gray light can bring out the local colors, while even night will make its own revelations.

To be fully appreciated the scene must be studied in minutest detail as well as in broad pictures, for the beauty of its minor delights is as astonishing as its dramatic splendor.

Some one has said:

> "Come and take choice of all my library,
> And beguile thy sorrow."

I may love to browse among new books, to spend to-day with them and forget them to-morrow, but my choice would be one of the old books; like my true and tried friends, they have been silent companions of auld lang syne. I selected one of these old tried book-friends, and sought an ideal spot in this beautiful garden in which to renew our friendship.

My proclivities for early rising do not assert themselves every morning, but these glorious days seem filled with the wine of life, and I am positively afraid I shall miss seeing something beautiful. We love the morning hour when the first rays of the sun are casting their golden sheen over valley and hill. There is a quietness in awakening life that puts one in a meditative mood and makes one feel glad to be living. A beautiful fountain is playing in the garden, casting out its prismatic lights as the sun rises in splendor.

Book and pencil fall idly down as I loiter by this babbling water, and idly count the tiny white clouds that sail along the sky so softly,—even as the dear by-gone memories creep over the vault of life. There is a perfect sea of quiet, with nothing around but the perfume of flowers, and the constant rippling murmur of the laughing waters, which, like Tennyson's brook, might "go on forever." We are enjoying to the fullest the sunny hours, the balmy air, and the gorgeous views.

Macaulay said: "A page digested is better than a book hurriedly read," but I fear these lovely surroundings will cheat me out of even the page. When one has been surfeited with sight-seeing, especially with the grotesque, this is refreshing. To have to give up these beautiful haunts of nature for weird antiquities is not very pleasing, yet how strange it is to reflect upon the actual life and vitality that was once connected with the bits of metal, brass, and stone catalogued in the antique museums or "rogues' gallery." Could the old snuff-box or brass candlesticks tell their tales of love and despair, we would have parts of history perhaps more exciting and thrilling than we read in book form and dramas more fiery than those we see acted upon the stage.

When the sunlight fades from the silver mountain tops the air soon becomes chilly. The valley is passing into shadow, the sky is ablaze with orange and gold. To the left float a few purple clouds, made purple by the yellow and rose glint of the brilliant sunset. Another day has gone, and to-morrow we leave this, the most charming spot in the world. Its beauties will be a part of the paintings on Life's canvas, and they will vary from a tragic grand oil painting, with its storms and lightning's flash, to an exquisitely dainty water color, full of flowers and sunshine.

We are reminded that our life-boat can not

be always securely anchored in the harbor,—especially in the harbor of happiness, or on sunny seas, where soft winds blow. Sometimes we will drop anchor in mid-ocean, and listen to the doleful notes of the fog-horn; sometimes we must take our bearings and start anew.

Sometime—somewhere—in the coming years,
When life must assume a more somber hue
Our thoughts will go flying across the sea—
To this beautiful land—with its skies so blue.

XIII

FROM LUCERNE TO THE ITALIAN LAKES

The golden sunshine now falls in chequered masses,
Sprinkling diamond dust on dew-kissed grasses;
All nature is awakened from refreshing sleep,
As the sparkling dew-drops their vigils keep.

SWITZERLAND is looking its very best at this season when the slopes of the mountains are covered with beautiful pine woods with their tips of bright fresh green forming such a pleasing contrast to the dark green of the under branches; and the meadows are one carpet of lovely flowers, ranging in brightest color from the deepest yellow to the most delicate pink and blue. Above all are the bluest of blue skies, and the most glorious sunshine. The air is cool, dry, and stimulating, and puts one in a mood to say with Bryant:

"View the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart."

It is only a few hours' journey from Lucerne to the Lakes, but it is one that makes the traveler doubt which is the more worthy of his

admiration,—the everchanging panorama of the mighty works of God which surround him or the ingenuity of man who has conquered and bound these giants of the Alps with his ribbon of shining steel. We are borne over mountains, above forests of pine, with glimpses of green valleys and sparkling streams; then through innumerable tunnels piercing the sides of mountains, which have much of the appearance of our famous Colorado mountains, and are as endlessly attractive. The sun, shining through violet mists which bathe the mountain sides, makes the snow-capped tops seem to rise from a transparent sea.

No matter where one goes in this grand old country there is an opportunity afforded for studying ancient history. Even among the lofty towering mountains are seen the ruins of Roman fortifications. By the time one has traveled forty miles he has ascended nearly 3000 feet through loops and tunnels. He soon reaches Wassen, with its noted loop tunnels and its loftily situated church, which so persistently remains in sight, on one side, then on the other, as he goes in and out through the mountain. After threading the tunnel under the hill one goes around it in corkscrew fashion through two or three tunnels, and is dazed at man's ingenuity in the construction of this wonderful railway.

We next come to the famous St. Gothard

Tunnel, which runs nearly 6000 feet below the St. Gothard Pass. This wonderful structure is twenty-eight feet broad, twenty-one feet high, and nine and one-half miles in length. Leaving the St. Gothard we begin to descend and soon reach two noted loops, or corkscrew tunnels, each nearly one mile long, situated one below the other in corkscrew fashion. One is a descent of 115 feet and the other of 118 feet.

An endless medley of rock and forest and lake glimmered in the rays of a setting sun. Then a great gorge through which rushed the noisy torrent of water sparkled in the crimson glow of the fading sunset. It is peculiarly fascinating to be where one hears only the call of nature, not yet tamed to man's needs or fancies. Out of these interminable shadows of mountains and forests one rushes into the broad moonlight as it glimmers and dances over the surface of a shining lake. One may be touched by the loneliness of this wilderness, but cannot help being impressed also by its boundlessness.

Far away are the hills rolling ridge on ridge like the waves of a great sea until in the blue distance they are in the sky,—that blue, blue sky with its myriads of cloud-ships sailing to the unseen ports below the hills; and one naturally wonders what that world beyond the farthest cloudlike ridge is like.

Next comes Chiasso,—the last Swiss village,—and here is the custom house. The officers

come in and ask if you have anything dutiable, then pass out.

"Beyond the Alps is Italy," and we soon reach the three famous Italian Lakes,—Como, Lugano, and Maggiore. England's Tennyson has written very beautifully of these lakes. "For in the dust and drouth of London Life" he still had his "visions of the lake." Father Ryan also gives some beautiful lines on Como. Byron, too, sang of these famous waters.

> We catch the music of the breaking waves,
> We see swaying branches nod to the breeze;
> We feel the cool air sweeping o'er the lake—
> See the flitting shadows among the trees.

Lake Como is in a beautiful valley surrounded by richly clad mountains, and is distant twenty-eight miles by rail from Milan. Because of the beauty of its scenery and the mildness of its climate Como is one of the most celebrated of all Italian lakes. The shores are studded with ancient castles, flourishing hamlets, and the villas of wealthy proprietors. No doubt the history of Lake Como has been as stormy as its waves when roughened by fierce gales, and generations have come and gone, leaving no more marks of their existence than do the boats that ply through its sparkling waters, or the colors that are reflected in its changeful surface and that fade away with each setting sun.

Lake Lugano is partly Italian and partly Swiss, and takes its name from the town of Lugano on its banks. It is supplied from the numerous torrents from the surrounding Alps, and is drained by an unimportant stream flowing west into Lake Maggiore. It was in this vicinity that Napoleon I began his great career, and near here that Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel gained their crowning victory over Austria. Two imposing towers have been erected to commemorate this event,—one by the French, and one by the Italians.

The beauty of these lakes has been copied by brush and reproduced by camera; poets have sung and will continue to sing of their loveliness; travelers have endeavored to write of it in prose—but they are beyond description. Their greens and blues and purples are accentuated by the dazzling brilliancy of perfect sunshine, and even when dimmed by a falling veil of twilight they are simply gorgeous. But what can compare with the beauty when the blue dome of heaven sends out its great searchlight, the moon, to trace a path of silver across the pansy-purple water?

> The earth is wrapt in a mantle of gold—
> Shimmering and fading as night will unfold.

The wind plays in softest zephyrs and the stars blaze in the sky, mirroring themselves in the blue waters of the lake.

One thing impresses me forcibly among these mountains and lakes, and that is the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere. Glorious mountains!—marvelously beautiful when morning spreads her streaks of crimson upon their lofty summits, or when evening wraps them in purple and gold. They are always impressive, always grand. As Longfellow has so beautifully said:

"But breathe the air
Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves."

Whether on mountain top or in the valley the voice of Nature teaches many lessons.

The sublimity of the starry heavens, and
The grandeur of the mountains alike demand
A reverence for One who holds in His power
The infinitude of worlds. Each little flower,
Yonder milky way, with its circle of shining worlds—
Each speaks in its silent language, and unfurls
The thought: "There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

XIV

GENOA

Hundreds of years ago there lived in Genoa a working man who had four sons, and one of them was named Christopher Columbus. An immense marble statue of this famous Genoese stands at the railroad station to greet the traveler with its stony stare.

Genoa is a quaint old town, cosily nestled at the foot of the Apenines. It circles the water's edge and rises in terrace form. The harbor is semi-circular, nearly a mile across, with a lighthouse 400 feet high, and the light from its dazzling reflectors is visible for more than twenty miles.

In Genoa there are many places of interest because of their historical fame and architectural beauty. The old town is a network of narrow and steep streets, but the newer quarters have broad thoroughfares. The heights around the town are covered with detached forts. The Via Roma is the most important focus of traffic. At the terminus is an immense statue of Victor Emmanuel II.

Among the fine old churches is the Gothic Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, built in the 12th cen-

tury. Among the curiosities to be seen within its walls are the two urns said to contain the ashes of St. John the Baptist. It is claimed that they were brought from the city of Myrrha, in Lycia, 1097. There is also on exhibition an emerald dish, which is said to have held the paschal lamb at the Last Supper. This dish was captured from the Saracens in 1101 at the storming of Cesarea.

The narrow Garibaldi is flanked with a succession of old palaces,—now turned into all kinds of shops. One deserving especial mention is the municipal palace, with handsome marble staircase and court. The Palazzo Rosso, so named from its red color, was presented to the city along with its library and picture gallery. Some of these palaces are extensively decorated with sculpture.

Genoa, with all its beauties, curiosities, and charms is a fine point from which to sail, and we are homeward bound.

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said:
> This is my own, my native land?"

So sang Walter Scott, and there are few hearts which do not respond to this sentiment. Wherever life's pilgrimage may lead us our hearts will ever turn backward in loyal devotion to our native land. When John Howard Payne wrote:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

he made his name immortal because he struck a universal chord of the human heart. Home is the one oasis in life's desert way—to the rich and poor alike, for there are the "friends that must cheer on life's rugged road." There is nothing that gives more zest to a journey than its destination. Our going may be filled with brightest anticipations, but our returning is made up of pleasurable realities.

Two impressions of our journey will remain with us. One is how large this world is: such a wilderness of water, and such infinitude of land. Then again, how small it is, because these immense distances are so quickly covered by fast trains and faster steamships.

In planning for a summer holiday in Europe the first consideration naturally is the question of health. How it may be restored, if broken; how re-invigorated, if sound, to meet in better form the assaults of climate that early or late awaits us all on our return. Of course, with this is included the important element of "enjoyability," and the still more important idea that the continent is a place to economize in. We do not think it is the place for people who have to pinch. Poverty at home is a bad enough companion, but poverty in a foreign land is hardly worth the trifling margin that is saved at the expense of a strained exile and the

jars of a strange life. But for those who do not mind three or four pounds a week the comfort and general charm of a summer abroad are incomparably greater than anything procurable for the same outlay in our own country.

When it is considered how many come home every year whose horizon of desire is bounded by a summer "on the river" it is sad to think how much they miss in health and in the enjoyment that only flows from health by not extending their summer trips,—at least beyond the malarial districts.

The tide of travel is now homeward. How swiftly this holiday has flown into the irrevocable past, yet it will be ever linked to the present by a golden chain of memories.

> "Far away where the summers are sleeping
> Lie the beautiful dreams of the past."

Oh, for a Joshua to make the sun stand still, that these lovely days might be a little longer, for it would be difficult to conceive of more ideal weather conditions. The sky is of that deep blue which melts away into the infinite azure of the upper deep. There is enough coolness in the air to make the sunshine welcome. In this glorious atmosphere one seems to breathe in health and vigor through the very pores of the skin, and to feel that life is very much worth living.

August, with her golden days and her calm starlit nights, sits queenlike on her summer throne, and reminds us that it is highnoon of the summer season, and the time to think of returning home. And, though we may look wistfully back over these happy days, we realize it is best to be homeward bound. Surely one of the best results of travel abroad is the increased love it gives of one's home and the homeland. It is good to meet new faces, hear new voices, form new friends, and even to struggle with new languages, but it is exceedingly good to come back to familiar faces, to the good old mother tongue, and the dear old friends.

To tread the deck of a great ocean liner as it rides the mountain waves and goes down into the valleys of the sea is an experience worth having; it is well to know something by observation of the beauty and the grandeur of the scenes in other lands and under other skies; but it is better to be able to see and appreciate the loveliness and the sublimity of the scenes which we come in almost daily contact with, and to know that ours is among the favored countries of the world. We are sorry to leave this dear, delightful climate and beautiful country, in which Nature seems to blend all the beauties of all the seasons. Here we have the promise of spring, the brilliancy of summer, the satisfying richness of autumn, and we can feel in the

crisp morning and evening temperatures the invigorating qualities of winter. These days might be painted with purple, gold, crimson, and violet, with an illuminated haze to tone and blend them. While things may assume an aerial tint which belongs only to dreams no matter how high among the clouds one may soar, nor how ethereal may be his visions, there are certain stated times when he gets very earthy,—meal times. We are reminded that the hour is approaching. Was it not Hawthorne who said: "The fair Italian air was good for dreaming, but not so good for work"? We certainly agree with him in regard to the dreaming.

XV

UNDER THE TURQUOISE BLUE

The marvelous splendor and absorbing wonders of Europe are left behind, for

> "Out on the ocean, rocked by the billow,
> Homeward our good ship tosses the spray."

Lovely Italy, Grand Switzerland, and glorious Islands of the Sea! To thy towering mountains, lovely valleys, silvery lakes, and the time-old burying-grounds we bid adieu. A tender farewell, for we take from you most priceless souvenirs in treasured memories of a happy summer time. Adieu, for now

We're sailing through mid ocean, above is the sky of blue;
Riding the crested billows, with only white caps in view.
Away in the hazy distance, as far as the eye can see,
Are snow-white frills and laces, floating so gracefully.
The lacy caps of the mermaids bob up or float idly along,
While the splash and roar of ocean keep time to mermaid's song;
They plunge, then leap coquettishly, then we wonder where they go—
Their rippling track has disappeared into unknown depths below.

Our summer has ended, and we have not seen all we hoped to, nor read all the books we in-

tended to, nor accomplished all we planned. If we have read fewer books, we have read Nature's great outspread volume more,—that great book of Nature, bound by rising and setting suns, whose leaves are skies and clouds, lands and seas, mountains and vales, and whose printed pages are trees, flowers, rocks, sands, and streams, and whose great author is the Creator. In studying this Author one gets on every leaf a message worthy of a lifetime of study.

Our lives have been enriched by new scenes and new experiences; our horizon has been widened, and we come back with a new appreciation of the old home, with a new set of memories and impressions to abide with us. "Blessings brighten as they depart," and as the time of our sojourn in the fair land of sunshine drew near its close every day seemed more precious with its opportunities, and every night more eloquent with its messages. Yes, the summer days, with their distant blue skies flecked with white, their genial sun rays, their never-to-be-forgotten pleasures, have gone glimmering into that misty past, where all the beautiful summers are sleeping. But we have such a storehouse of pleasant memories to take home with us, where

> Forgetting dull cares, we'll live in enchanted lands,
> Dreaming, dreaming—as we sit with folded hands.

There is a liberal education in a European trip. It is an investment that pays. What if we do have to journey 3000 miles? What if it were three times three thousand? The benefit derived from the voyage would be three times as great. We treasure our favorite epochs and incidents in our own history, yet how very young we are compared with the historical associations of the old world. With history, romance, and beauty in every niche and corner the very air seems to vibrate with the comedies and tragedies of piled-up centuries.

What any of us can contribute to the world is infinitesimally small as compared with what we have inherited from those who have gone before us. Few realize their indebtedness to the past. What is humanity, after all, but a vast procession moving across the narrow isthmus of time, between two vast eternities? The first who came played their several parts, cherished their little ambitions, dreamed their fond dreams, and passed off the stage. They have added their quota to the world's glory, and for the benefit of the succeeding generations. What matters a towering shaft in some cemetery of the dead? Those whose names shine out on the pages of history, like stars in the night, were the ones who accomplished something.

We were glad to go; we are happy in returning. We are enjoying the same sunsets, and

they are always new, like Holmes' thought that might have been uttered a "hundred times." These sunsets come over a "new route," and by a "new and express train of associations." It is another boat,—another crowd of passengers,—making a new world. One might feel lost and lonesome, were it not for the dear old familiar sunsets and the silver-lined clouds. What a good habit to look for the silver lining to the clouds! If one could only live those beautiful lines of Riley's, and just be glad all the time:

"Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so;
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't
Have you know;
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

"For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years—
Just be glad."

To adopt the philosophy of James Whitcomb Riley and pray the prayer of Mrs. Wiggs, "Oh, Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin'

sour," would perhaps cause us to feel with Charlotte Perkins Stetson

"It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow,
The strong sweet winds blowing straightly off the sea.
Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow,
It is good to be alive and see the waves run by.

"It is good to be alive when the trees shine green,
And the steep rock hills stand up against the sky;
Big sky, blue sky, with flying clouds between—
It is good to be alive and see the clouds drive by."

In fact, has one any more right to go around unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred? We are apt to forget that we owe the world at least the courtesy of a smiling face and one another the inspiration of a cheery word.

It is the early morning hour, and far out over the water the rays of sunlight are falling like golden arrows from the quiver of the mighty day-god. We wonder if the morning of that first day could have been more calm and beautiful, of which it is said, "And the evening and the morning were the first day." First the fading stars, then the glowing tremulous light in the east, when lo! the rising sun bursts forth, driving back the darkness and gloom of the night, flooding everything with its silvery beams. But each morning since then somewhere some observant soul has partaken of the beauty of that same first morning. We do not realize that every morning spreads a new clean

page in our life-volume before us, on which we are to write deeds, words, and thoughts.

> This early morning with its quiet beauty
> Teaches a lesson of peace. It is one's duty
> To believe always,—let come what may,—
> After every storm will dawn a bright day.
> We are like children with a picture book
> Turning a new leaf each day we look
> For Cinderellas, dragons, or ogres gaunt;
> Or strain our eyes to see the flaunt
> Of fairy-godmother's wonderful wand.
> Half the charm lies in uncertainty. And
> Each day comes with its precious gifts—
> The morning may be cloudy, but the sun lifts
> The gloom and sends his piercing rays
> Into the meridian, or the close of our days.

The night is cool but clear, and the young moon is hanging above us in a cloudless sky. The starry hosts are out in parade, while the Dipper holds its accustomed place in the scenic display. Just a night to inspire music, and it breaks forth among the steerage passengers. There is something in the power of song and in the sweet strains of an instrument that opens both the mind and heart to the highest and best things, and awakens within us longings and aspirations which have been dormant. The power of music is like gazing on a great picture or a natural scene of beauty, opening the windows of the soul toward the infinite.

The wind, like an Æolian harp, is playing its softest zephyrs, and the stars blaze in the sky

mirroring themselves in the blue of the Mediterranean. Was it imagination, or did we hear the familiar notes of the cricket's song? Perhaps he is a stowaway, stealing his first ocean ride, or perhaps he is the mascot of this great throbbing vessel. In an instant we are transported by his magic note to our own hearth at twilight, just as a familiar odor of some old-fashioned flower has the power to bring to memory mother's garden, with its old-fashioned hollyhocks, its sweet peas, and bachelor buttons. And just so will the fragrance of a flower, the note of an old song, or a breath of balmy air bring back this summer with its flood of bright memories. Under the magic spell of memory pictures will appear on the canvas that no artist can paint, and songs will be sung that no voice can utter.

> The dim line of gray heralding the dawn
> Grows more clearly defined with advancing morn;
> Then the dazzling rays o'er the sun-kissed seas
> Glimmer and dance with the rising breeze.

As "the evening and the morning" marked time "in the beginning," so the rising and setting sun plays a conspicuous part in a two weeks' voyage on the water. One must keep a calendar in close proximity, or he might lose the day of the week,—to say nothing of the day of the month. Away back yonder in life's early morning, when the hill-tops were yet

aglow with life's sunrise, it is strange how long it seemed from one birthday to another, or from one Christmas to another. As we advance in years they follow in such rapid succession that there hardly seems a breathing spell between. Alas, the fleeting years, months, and days do indeed slip away, and, although we are slipping away with them, we realize that we owe much of the sweetness and strength of life to the treasures and memories of our past.

We are out on the same blue Mediterranean, and it is singing the same deep-toned anthems and presenting the same wide expanse of blue, blue waters, with their same varying tints and changing moods.

How vivid are scenes to which we have so recently bade adieu,—and what a vast picture gallery they constitute! It is a mistake to suppose that when he have witnessed a scene of surpassing beauty that the enjoyment ceases when we cease to gaze upon it. To behold the beauty and grandeur of the scene from Mount Rigi or Pilatus *once* is to behold it forever. The blue Swiss lakes lie beneath you, and the vast Alpine range of mountains, some of whose peaks are covered with snow, you see again as you turn the leaves of memory. It is this fact that makes travel worth while, for we are storing up the impressions made upon us by the scenes and the associations with which we come in contact in our daily life.

Another advantage of foreign travel, and getting acquainted with the customs of other countries, and seeing other scenery, is that it reminds us of what we in our provincialism are likely to forget,—that we have no monopoly in this country of all that is beautiful in nature and in art. In this busy and bustling age, when events crowd so thickly and the scenes in the panorama of life change so rapidly, and the wonders of to-day are forgotten in the yet more marvelous achievements of to-morrow, it is well that memory asserts itself and holds in store many valuable and precious things.

What is rarer than this summer night? No wind to disturb the peaceful waters; nor is there a moon to dispute the primacy of the stars. A perfect night does not need a moon to eclipse the innumerable candles that shine out of the dome of heaven. What a panorama of shining worlds! Such a night one loves to watch the pageantry of the heavens. Somewhere we saw this stanza:

> "It isn't raining rain to me,
> It's raining daffodils;
> In every dimpled drop I see
> Wild flowers on the hills."

And how true it is that we do not see things as *they* are, but as *we* are. Perhaps that is why this beautiful world has been so slandered by the doleful strains:

"Dark and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way."

Another quotation which has not yet dropped into the "innocuous desuetude" which it merits calls the world "a howling wilderness." A world so full of munificent gifts!—the glory of the sunrise and the sunset; presenting pictures that no artist can equal; the starlit heavens, majestic mountains, the clouds and deep resounding oceans, the many hued rainbows, the flowers and sunshine, and a thousand other things to make life beautiful! How much better to strive to say with Dr. Van Dyke:

"So let the way wind up the hill, or down;
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,—
New friendships, high adventure, and a crown.
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best."

At the same time we should always say with our good Quaker poet:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

Music is heard in the murmur of her waves,
Joy radiates from the beauty of her blue;
Every fiber in our heart will quiver in praise
As the early morning brightness comes into view.
Aye, we're riding the billows, our good ship flies
While sailing through the blue of fair summer skies.

There must be a strange fascination about this "life on the ocean wave." Notwithstanding the hardships and dangers, how accustomed to them do the sailors and lovers of the sea become. We suppose life on the land appears insipid and tame to them.

Everything moves like clockwork in a great ocean liner, and on the *Köenig Albert* every man of the crew has his place and fills it. The stokers who fill the great furnaces are quite as essential as the officers. The scores of waiters are polite and efficient. Breakfast is from eight to ten, luncheon from one to three, and dinner from seven to nine. Between breakfast and luncheon bouillon is served; between luncheon and dinner tea is served. This occupies a good part of the time. So far we have not felt the slightest inconvenience from that dreaded malady, *mal de mer,* otherwise known as seasickness.

This morning the sea is calm, and the sun is still shining brightly, although in the night we heard the fog horn sounding its dismal note. Now the sun has dispelled the fog, and everybody is happy, and the laughing sea seems to appreciate and welcome the change. Life gets much of its zest from contrasts, and on a great ocean liner there are many and various types to break the monotony. On a returning voyage one fancies that the pleasure of homecoming is easily discernible. To this is added the relief

from the strenuous sightseeing in the great cities of Europe, where civilization keeps up its antiquities, and at the same time is supposed to put on its latest touches.

But with all this behind us and while drifting so quietly over the deep blue waters one cannot get away from modern civilization. On land or on sea there are the artificialities and formalities; and it is well, for one requires certain conventionalities and social exactions. It is excellent discipline for people to smile and greet one another every day, and have to wear one's company manners from morning to evening. On the return trip there seems to be less restraint, and passengers more easily become acquainted. Many have enjoyed the same sights, the same pleasures. Some preferred the same mountains with their solitudes and sublimities; others enjoyed more the ocean billows over its briny waves; while yet others are still raving over the wonderful sights and scenes of Europe. But never a note of regret or disappointment is heard. Everybody is glad he went, and happy to be returning home, and apparently enjoying every moment of his vacation.

We believe that there is too much tension in our American life. No matter what vocation one has it is unnecessarily a ceaseless drudgery, just because we haven't time to rest. How much better to have a little more of the pleas-

ure of life as we go along,—even if we have less money at its close. It is true that some people "toil not, neither do they spin," and they need no rest, while there are others so happily situated that they can distribute their vacation along through each month and week. They are to be envied, for with this ideal life is implied an ideal environment.

It is an admirable thing to make new friends; it widens our sympathies and keeps us in touch with individuals and events in our time. Indeed, new friends are like new books,—pleasant and wholesome. We may spend a pleasant day with each, and then lay it aside, but, like the perfume from the broken vase, sweet memories of them abide with us still. We are all conscious of the fact that there are certain persons in whose presence we think our best thoughts, and sometimes discover within ourselves capabilities of which we were not conscious. There is something in them that appeals to the highest and best within us. It cannot be denied that a pure and noble personality will give to life an upward turn.

The sea is gray and leaden under the pearly haze of dawn. We are up early to greet the great Gibraltar again, and to bid adieu to the Mediterranean, whose waters have a threatening look to-day.

Ah, beautiful Mediterranean, we are sorry to leave you sad,
We'd exchange your gloomy look for one both bright and glad;

We've enjoyed your sparkling waters, and diamond studded
foam,
Plowing your fathomless depths, while wending our way home.
Deny it not, dear sea, for with what piteous zeal
In your feeble attempt your anger to conceal;
Restrain your fiery fury, keep mumblings low and deep—
We bid you a kind adieu while mermaids their vigils keep.

A dull gray Sunday, skies veiled with clouds, and occasionally a few drops of rain on the deck, which causes us to move back a little as we pull our steamer rug more closely about us. We are all barometers, more or less affected by the weather, and somehow this kind of a day puts us in a dreamy or retrospective mood, and we are inclined to build bridges into the past. And yet we realize that if life were made up of glorious sunrises, perfect noondays, and gorgeous sunsets, and the earth was all aglow of purple and pink, we would miss life's deepest and most valued lessons, for the crosses of life grow dearer after we have carried them awhile; and we would not have it otherwise, for when we meet Peter at the Golden Gate how many of us are counting on the knocks and bumps and smashing heartaches to pass us through.

One can't live always in the clouds. We cannot always look through youth's rose-tinted glasses. And how our viewpoint changes as we pass along the great highway of life! With the enthusiasm of youth we see only the rosy, radiant hill-tops; in just a little while we gaze

through the bright light of a midday sun over the level plains; then cautiously and slowly we glide into the shadowed valleys, and it is then we realize that

> Each life is but a little boat at sea,
> Blown hither and thither by destiny.
> When the day has closed with the setting sun
> It is well to reckon all the things we've done;
> In summing them up, if we really can find
> One deed or thought that was truly kind,—
> Only one tender word on goodness bent,—
> We may know the day was indeed well spent.

We left Gibraltar standing defiant as it has stood for centuries, and also left the rain clouds behind us, for the king of day went down with a gorgeous display of crimson and gold, when on his final departure below the horizon he threw his parting smile and bathed the surface of the waters with a soft mellow radiance which glows like an amethyst above and deepens into purple below. This was a sunset never to be forgotten. The whole western sky seemed ablaze with red and gold; great masses of clouds seemed like huge canopies looped with gold over the sun on his gorgeous throne. The water quivered with points of light as if it were strewn with diamonds. Had you thought that it requires clouds to make fine sunsets? Just so do trials and sorrows develop the grandest things in a human life.

Now, the sun having run his daily course and

dropped below the horizon, night's candles shine out in the dome of heaven. Then comes the hush of night, when the "forget-me-nots" of the skies are seen in all their glory. A little later the moon, approaching her full orb, rides through the cloudless heavens, painting its silvery pathway across the water. Before the brighter glory that shines from her queenly face the twinkling stars pale their ineffectual fires. The silvery tints of evening seem to hang like ragged edges on the shades of night as the blue bends down to meet a bluer sea, and the pearly sky above is flecked with rosy clouds and streaked with gleams of gold. Then the silvery moonlight floods the whole scene with radiance; the sea, like a silver mirror, reflects the calm loveliness of the full round moon.

We might say with Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith,"

> "Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees its close."

But the trouble is that on a two weeks' sea voyage the "tasks" must necessarily become monotonous. We are reminded each day, regardless of tasks, that the chariot of Time is rushing on in its remorseless course, and it seems that its beaten track is as smooth and as easy to travel as this glassy sparkling road bed over which our good ship flies, for the days seem to lap over one another in their mad haste;

and this onrush of time only means the flight of opportunities. But, regardless of individual desires, the *Köenig Albert* rushes on apparently with accelerated speed as the journey shortens, determined to reach its destined port on schedule time.

We still love to get up early, for it is delightful to look at the eastern horizon and watch the glowing white light driving back the shades of the night, and later, taking on a saffron hue, to be changed again into gold and crimson bars, and finally into the splendor of a perfect day.

A perfect day, and nothing to worry about, for we are learning to live in the present. Yesterday ended last night, and to-morrow may never be. When one has learned not to worry about the present nor the future, about what can be or cannot be helped, he has accomplished something of which to boast.

> Just try to be happy, do the best you can do;
> Look on the sunny side instead of being blue;
> Though your burdens be heavy, you are fairly strong;
> Your effort to be happy helps others along.

After a voyage of two weeks with what joyous emotions does one stand again on terra firma! Yet we hate to part from the good old ship that has brought us in safety through wind and wave. She was our home on the sea, and this thought alone would give a tinge of sadness to our parting.

But the hands of the watch tell us that the night is passing, and soon the music of the waters will be exchanged for the roar of traffic, and life will take on a little tenser tone, for to-morrow we are to reach New York. We may long for a breath of the ocean's brine and the glorious days that have been filled with the wine of life, but one thing we know is that the golden gleams of this happy summer time will abide with us still.

With the thought of exchanging the music of breaking waves for the din of the world's industry comes the memory of how depressing it was to watch the faces that hurried past us on the thoroughfares and in the shops. How careworn, overeager, and anxious the majority of them seemed. One is led to wonder if this kind of life is really worth while. The endless stream of tired people shows little sign of the joy of living, for the bloom of life seems to have been worn off by a never-ending struggle. It is thus the world is hurrying along, silent and unsmiling, yet eager to attain some goal, and the sole joy is in the struggle.

Our series of letters is ended. It is not human nature to be satisfied with our attainments. Perhaps it is a species of egotism, but we are always sure of possibilities lying within us that are never fulfilled. No doubt we can all sympathize with the poet who sang:

"Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech."

THE END

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